

All Eyes on the Theatre, 1924

By GILBERT CANNAN

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GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE



April-June, 1924

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Contributors to the April Review

Mr. JOHN CROWE RANSOM is Assistant Professor of English in Vanderbilt University. He has published *Poems About God*, and is the author of *Armageddon*, the Southern Prize Poem for 1922-'23.

Mr. GILBERT CANNAN, the well-known novelist, essayist and playwright, contributed *Hope for the Drama* to the REVIEW for October, 1922. His latest novel is *The House of Prophecy*.

The author of *Debate* wishes to remain anonymous.

Dr. GRANT SHOWERMAN, Professor of Classics in the University of Wisconsin, has frequently contributed to the REVIEW.

Mr. EDWARD R. GARNSEY, a graduate of the University of Sydney, Australia, is the author of *A Translation and an Exposition of the Odes of Horace*, *Épilogomena of Horace*, and *A Student's Edition of the Odes of Horace, Books I to III, the Monumentum Aere Perennius*. He is at present an Intelligence Officer on the staff of the High Commissioner for Australia, in London.

Miss EDITH HORTON, of Ithaca, New York, makes her third contribution to the REVIEW.

Dr. CHARLES FORSTER SMITH is Professor of Greek and Classical Philology, *Emeritus*, in the University of Wisconsin.

Miss KATHLEEN KNOX, of Belfast, Ireland, has written several times for the REVIEW.

Monsieur LÉO MOUTON is Associate Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, and author of several works, including *Un Demi-Roi*, reviewed in this number.

Dr. PAULL FRANKLIN BAUM is Professor of English in Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina. He contributed *What is Truth?* to the REVIEW for January, 1922.

Mr. JOSEPH HUTCHINSON SMITH is a member of the Department of English in the College of William and Mary.

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(Signed) W. H. MACKELLAR, President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1924.

(Signed) D. L. VAUGHAN, Notary Public.

(SEAL)

My commission expires Jan. 12, 1925.

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[No. 2

THE DEAD BOY

The little cousin is gone, by a sad subtraction,
A green bough from Virginia's aged tree,
And the county kin sit glowering on the transaction,
And some of the world of outer dark, like me.

A pig with a pasty face, I had long said,
Squealing for cakes, and fixing his base pretence
On a noble house. But here is the little man dead,
And these are the very forbears' lineaments.

The elder men have strode by the box of death
To the wide flag porch, and muttering low send round
The bruit of the day;—O friendly waste of breath!
Their hearts are hurt with a deep dynastic wound.

He was pale and little, the foolish neighbors say;
The first-fruits, saith the preacher, the Lord hath taken;
But it is the old tree's late branch wrenched away,
Aggrieving the sapless limbs, all shorn and shaken.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

Vanderbilt University.

ALL EYES ON THE THEATRE

(1924)

With the collapse of the deceptive drama of world-events that in their magnitude disguised their triviality there is everywhere a contraction of the imagination, ashamed to have been deluded for so long.

I use the word imagination to describe that faculty of human nature, collective and individual, which, penetrating to the core of life, creates images of those processes which are so deep, subtle and important as to defy conveyance through the common currency of speech and the ordinary traffic of business and domestic existence, whose troubles will, left to themselves, ordinarily find their own solution in the momentum created by their accumulation. Interrupted and interfered with, they swell into a terrifying inflation which under the pressure of panic bursts into calamity. This may upon occasion seem so awe-inspiring as to deceive the imagination into accepting that life, its raw material, can and must be lived without its refinement, and ignorant minds clutch greedily at the delusion as proof that the discipline of art and civilization can be dispensed with, intelligent criticism of this attitude being bullied out of existence in the name of the social order.

The result is paralysis and the gross disappointment which must always follow when Sancho Panza attempts immediately and materially to realize the perfectly correct divinations of Don Quixote. Western Europe, the main seat of what is now accepted as civilization, is in this condition of paralysis and disappointment. Its imagination is stunned with mortification and rejects the appearances set up by those who imagine that they and they alone are responsible for the maintenance of the social order, forgetting that this is a collective responsibility shared by every adult individual, whether he be conscious of it or no. In the long run it is the collective imagination of an ordered community that takes charge and decides by what persons and through what means it shall find expression. We are at the end of a very long and highly perilous run, and the collective imagi-

nation has taken charge with a vengeance and with an energy that makes a mockery of those well-meaning prophets of calamity who have insisted upon the probable disappearance of civilization within a generation or so. This is known everywhere unconsciously in the marrow of the people. It is known here and there consciously to a few individuals waking slowly to find themselves conductors of forces more or less vaguely guessed at and even known hitherto, but never before so clearly seen at work.

It seems to me impossible for these forces to find expression in politics, with their antiquated values and conceptions; or in modern finance and industry, which are technically so complicated and mysterious, so mechanical and impersonal. The imagination is most intent with its images when they take human form, and can body forth especially the delight which is the distinguishing quality of human nature. Those artists, therefore,—and they are many—who are subservient either to the remnants of an imposing but collapsed social order, or to the marvels of modern science, or to the dazzling power of finance and industry, are beginning to be estranged from the collective imagination, whose instrument every artist should be. Such artists may win support, applause, what is called success, which hardly amounts to more than the homage of those who are commercially involved in the circulation of artistic and quasi-artistic products, but they cannot win satisfaction and they cannot win that creative, productive, radiant affection which is both the artist's reward and the measure of his fidelity and skill. The imagination moves, decides, rejects swiftly, and with a speed unknown to the individual mind.

It is the superbly encouraging and the heroically comic phenomenon of this time that the mass of people, even in dire straits, are aware of this swift movement of the imagination, while the leaders of the people are blind and insensitive to it. A modern Rabelais might make literature of the subject, but that it is almost too Gargantuan for any single mind. It can be treated only by collective effort, team-work, and it may be that a drama can be created only in this way. A Greek audience seeks the collaboration of its Aristophanes, an Elizabethan that of its Jonson and

Shakespeare, and each audience gets more than it bargained for in beauty, wit, understanding, blinding perception.

Are not the Western European and the American audiences now seeking collaboration? Are these people, faced with the responsibility of evolving a social order for a world for the first time aware of itself, being forced to realize that they have no outlet save in the theatre, not merely to repeat the old trite lessons of experience, but to prepare for experience as to which there is nowhere any guidance? You may have anarchic painting, music, literature—subversive, disruptive, contemptuous—but you cannot have an anarchic theatre, since the play that is not built up in collaboration cannot hold the attention for ten minutes. Watch how quickly a too self-centred actor, a too cocksure producer or a self-absorbed dramatist can shatter a play, while of recent years it has been only too common an experience to find a scenic designer so running riot with his colors and lighting-effects that not a word, not a gesture of the actors can be appreciated! Such errors make of the theatre an intolerable void. The audience being a collection of persons for a certain purpose, are active in their concentration upon the stage and in such instances that activity is thwarted and that energy, which, properly handled, is almost unlimited, is wasted. It is a question of a small conscious team harnessing the energy of a large unconscious team. The equation could easily be stated in terms of dynamics but that once again we should be led astray into symbols not directly human, and should then have stepped outside the clear province of the drama.

And what a noble province that is! How clear the air, how noble there is the landscape of the soul, how rich in passion, humor, wit, intelligence are the inhabitants! The essences of how many high experiments and experiences are gathered there in human form, sublimated, simplified, clarified and shown as, even in terror, even in degradation, lovable: the heroes, buffoons, and butts of Aristophanes; the breathing marble of the tragic victims of Sophocles and Æschylus; glorious Elizabethans; comic antics from Italy; Egmont and Faust from Germany; the Cid, Esther, Harpagon from France: not a procession, not a frieze upon the temple of an old religion, but

a community of living creatures bodied forth into eternal human form, full of the sap of wisdom, knowing the spirit of the law and smiling over it, smiling in every word, gesture and action! They do not exist in a hermetically sealed chamber of the memory, these superb persons, but, always delightful to the imagination, they create from its energy other beings like themselves, who clamor, they too, for their right to breathe and have their existence on the stage in full public view, before creatures living in the parent world, yet knowing that this creation bodied forth has only the same truth, their own deep truth, by which to live, there being only the one enviable difference that the creatures on the stage are liberated by the smile of their motive knowledge, that strangely permeating tenderness which is the concentration of every force, brutal and psychic, that moves in human nature.

Without that the theatre does not exist, just as without it there cannot be in society any real order or any law carrying the weight of authority. It is remarkable, nevertheless, how almost inevitably when a company of pleasant people gather together and, however clumsily, begin to conduct the manoeuvres necessary to the production of a play, that spirit moves, giving to each individual more vitality than he brings in to the common effort and compelling that grace which causes words to be richly and correctly spoken, movements aptly taken, and gestures fitting in their economy. We know how Shakespeare felt about actors who were so case-hardened that they had become callous to the grace of their occupation: "Nor do not saw the air too much!"

This injunction of Hamlet's applies not only to actors and to writers for and about the theatre. Too much earnest protestation is apt to lead to solemnity, that state of stage-congestion of the nerves which made the young aspirant announce "the village cock, my lord" so often to the great star actor that at last the great man escaped from the illusion of the play and in desperation cried: "Why the devil don't you crow, then?"

The point of this anecdote in the present discussion lies in its picture of the great star actor of the past, who was created by the apathy with which the theatre was regarded, so that men

and women endowed with histrionic talent had to blow it out to grotesque proportions to attract attention. They were then in the position of mummies and cheap-jacks at a fair, and their occupation was merely to provide distraction.

The object of the modern theatre is the very opposite of that. It is to facilitate concentration, to direct the imagination upon any given human situation until it is recognized as merely a facet of the unchanging, and yet in aspect perpetually mutable, situation of the human soul, and this is achieved only in a delighted ease and a release from superficial preoccupations. A modern audience is a business-like affair, and it knows for what reason it is assembled. I have seen modern audiences, upon some chance expression of spontaneity, take possession of the actors upon the stage, find out the most sensitive and lift him into a state of clear possession so that the action of the play is given more even than its designed accumulative effect. I have seen one audience, gripped by a tragic piece, upon its conclusion impose so firm and rigid and pregnant a silence that the actors who had been playing for applause were reduced to tears and could not imagine what had happened and why, though the curtain went up and down, there was not a hand stirred while the audience sat so still.

With such audiences it should be easy for actors to learn their business, and it is in this way that the modern theatre will be created, for until the actors have learned their business the dramatists cannot learn theirs, and without them the whole train of theatre-artists is suspended in the air. Audiences create actors, and actors increase audiences. It is at this point, when financial stability begins to be possible, that the theatre is sufficiently organized to admit the dramatist, who is the invisible conductor between the team on the stage and the team in the auditorium, the invisible medium without which the theatre cannot begin to 'march', as the French say. The actors increased the audience to include the court, until the genius of Molière was necessary, and so, too, they did in England for Shakespeare. This is the only real theatre, that in which the social imagination of a period can find form. Glancing back, it looks as though it were inevitable and easy and natural in Greece and in Paris

and in London. But was it? Natural enough, but, like every natural and lovely thing, forced to fight unceasingly for its existence against the spurious, the decadent, and the lazily artificial which would usurp its place.

Our immediate concern is with the theatre of Western Europe, which as a social entity is just beginning to attain consciousness in spite of or perhaps owing to the confusion and distraction due to the financial difficulties of the various national governments. The French and the German peasant may find each other completely unintelligible, but the inhabitants of Berlin and Paris can understand each other very well and in terms of the drama almost perfectly: indeed, their traditional and national theatres have become truer to both, and especially in Berlin attempts are being made to provide for an audience of city-dwellers, subtle and quick and apt in drawing on this electric understanding of the mass. Many of these attempts are crude and brutal. The difficulty of the transition produces satirical results, but at least it has begun to be perceived that this electric understanding of a modern audience has nothing of the happy credulity of a crowd of peasants at a fair. It is sensitive. At the first attempt to impose on it with a sensation or a noise or a blatant appeal either for laughter or for tears it withdraws into its own mysterious and inviolable stronghold. It will take no part in whatever is toward without that glow which is evoked only by spiritual beauty simply and sincerely and easily expressed. The quality of ease is the test, for it is the measure of the effort that has been made to achieve the delight of free human communication, which is the only marvel that is looked for anywhere in these days, and the only power and authority to which an educated industrial community will submit.

Modern society has its conveniences, but without authority they become an irritating bore, to be endured rather than sink back into a ruder state, but to be accepted only grudgingly if these conveniences are to be regarded as a sufficient benefit in themselves rather than as a means of achieving once again the thrilling daily pleasure of living by an agreed authority so completely and so generally accepted that there is little thought or question about the matter, and life can be shared, lived and passed

from hand to hand. The modern multitude believes, quite rightly, in itself. It has made possible the railways, the great ships, bridges, buildings that have raised but not yet illuminated social pride. It seeks and demands and even, in spite of almost endless stultification, finds occasional illumination, as in the sincere words of a public orator, in the personality of a graceful cinema actor, in the gaiety and color of Broadway, in its mysterious jokes, in its incessant translation into the code of the streets and the public place of events as they happen. But all this is haphazard. It needs organized illumination, such as was once provided in a smaller and narrower age in the building of the great cathedrals. To make a phrase: it needs now cathedrals not built with hands.

Such a cathedral is the true and loyal and graceful performance of a drama, of whatever description. Upon the conclusion of a play in which the sincerity of the actors—the blithe, active, vivid sincerity—has invited and won the unconscious imagination of the audience to play its part, something imperishable has been built: a mansion in the heaven of the human heart, the only heaven that is credible to the modern mind. The modern heaven is a city that needs sure building, for it is one of the simplest principles of existence that without a heaven always in the building, this earth on which all peoples dwell goes to rack and ruin, simply because without spiritual and imaginative effort there is not enough energy released to keep human beings from sluggishness and corruption. Disaster and social or financial pressure cannot quicken them; collective spiritual and imaginative effort can, and in spite of all inducements to the contrary, such efforts are constantly being made, though only sporadically. What is needed is organization, and not of that mechanical kind which usurps the name of efficiency and results only in office furniture and a kind of drill. The organization I have in mind is roughly that of the old stock companies in the days when, alas! there were no real audiences. Persons of both sexes, endowed, to their own discomfort, with histrionic ability were thrown together and, cheerfully accepting that they were impossible human beings, all vanity, hysterics, and tantrums, made the best of it. If with no real audience they could do so well as the Irvings, the Keans, and the Coquelins did, how much better should their

descendants do, once they can begin to defeat the not very astute commercial gentlemen who seduce the marvellous audience of a modern city for profit. Imagine Vincent Crummles sanguine and eager! Every actor is a Crummles, every actress a Petowker. The type cannot change, but it is of the essence of the type that it should respond immediately to its circumstances, and loyally give its very best histrionic performances, whatever they be, whether before two small boys and a cat, or the King and Queen of England. But the modern multitude is a greater sovereign than any crowned monarch ever was, and its instinct demands and is ready to tell its pocket to pay for the Crummleses organized into a disciplined revelation of human nature such as shall set the imagination triumphantly and patiently, and with what smiling stillness, to work. Any affectation of gentility, of a superior æsthetic sensibility, of an externally worn culture, is as repulsive to the modern multitude as it surely is to your modern Crummles, who in his thousands must be feeling surely that all eyes are upon him and that he rather than any vaunted pugilist, politician, jockey, tenor or any other one-trick man, is the hero of the hour, the liberator and, as Henry Irving used to say, the grateful, humble servant of the public.

The theatre cannot be externally new. It remains a matter of a stage and a handful of actors. It can be new in spirit, and should be of all institutions the first to catch the note of this age of quiet pride and sombre, yet smiling, discrimination. When the energy of the modern audience is set to work as it must be in the theatre, then there should arise dramatists of a stature and a swiftness of knowledge and technique to make many of the great stage-masters appear as striplings: and when true men find expression in the theatre they soon put a stop to the stammerings and the mouthings of inferior minds, of whatever apparent eminence.

The success of organizations like the Theatre Guild in New York and the Atelier in Paris are evidence enough that the theatre has already begun to awake to the spirit of the age, but great movements begin almost anonymously, in schools, colleges, wherever there are young, sensitive and eager spirits, and wherever there are infant Crummleses and young Tom Sawyers eager

with their imagination not only to dominate but to serve the imagination of those who are gathered round them. The theatre is the most spontaneous of human organizations, the easiest to corrupt, alas! but also it is the hardest to destroy. Its spontaneity is its toughness and also its irresistible charm.

GILBERT CANNAN.

London, England.

DEBATE

I. MIND SPEAKS

Trivial minim, renounce with shame
Your wavering will, your idle woes!
Endless ages ere you became
This planet drove from the sun aflame
To an end ordained, as I suppose.

On she will plunge when you have died
(A dusty mote dissolved and gone),
No chart to teach her reef or tide,
Master nor mate to be her guide,
Secret and strange and all alone.

She must go down to the wastes that wait,
The perilous pools that shall impend;
The thing create shall be uncreate;
Blindly she drives to find her fate,—
Vast, vacant silence shall be the end.

II. SOUL SPEAKS

That I am a mote is doubtless true,
Yet the verb *to be* has a future tense;
To cease is to change from 'I' and 'you';
The planet may pass, ay persons too,
Yet both persist, with a difference.

'Create' and 'uncreate', word-worried Mind,—
Have you only one key to interpret Soul?
Design is the Real, not things designed
And 'life' is a symbol of Life behind:
Slowly the Weaver weaves the Whole.

WOODROW WILSON: AN APPRECIATION

I first saw Woodrow Wilson twenty years ago next September. I was on leave of absence from the University of Wisconsin for the year to supply a chair in Princeton, and had only the day before arrived in the historic little town that lies so reposefully upon one of the rolling hills of a singularly charming landscape. As we were making the rounds of the campus, and came to a mansion of an old style somewhat set apart and commanding a wide view over meadow and wood, the friend who was my guide for the morning said: "This is Prospect, the President's house. Let's see whether Woodrow is in." This was the Princeton way of referring to the President of the University. It was not an affectation. It was being "familiar, but by no means vulgar,"—a familiarity in the best sense.

My friend looked at a card on the door, and with a mere knock we entered and passed to the study and office of the President. Mr. Wilson was always as easily accessible as this. He welcomed us simply and naturally, with neither too few words nor too many. The quiet and unaffected manner, the unforced phrase, the friendly tone, the air of sincerity and strength, did much to reassure the young man who had come with no slight diffidence to an unknown campus.

A day or two afterward, the Princeton faculty held its first session. The President opened the meeting with prayer, in the same even, firm tone, and in the same sincere and dignified manner, that had impressed me before. He presided easily and with effect, and the meeting was as direct and simple as the manner of its officer in the chair.

In the course of a few weeks I was invited to the President's house. The company was fairly large, and the dinner and service somewhat elaborate. I was told that the President's dinners were likely to be in the grand style. Whether the phrase was apt or not, there was nothing ostentatious about the entertainment. The manner and speech of President Wilson and Ellen Axson Wilson gave no suggestion of the pompous or the affected. On the part of Mr. Wilson there was the evenness and equipoise,

the quiet strength, and the genuineness I had by this time learned to expect. His dignity was never solemnity, his cordiality was not forced, the keen wit and the humor that gave his conversation balance were not vitiated by artificial outbursts of laughter or by abruptness of any kind. It is not difficult to understand how, to persons accustomed to loudness and superlatives, Mr. Wilson's even manner and speech should have seemed at times reserved. It is a sad comment on humanity that it can be brought to realize strength only by disproportion and exaggeration.

I met and saw Mr. Wilson at other times—when I called one evening and found the house in a bustle with the arrival of the Wilson daughters from college on their vacation; when I made my farewell calls at the house and office before returning to Wisconsin; and on various occasions when he appeared at learned assemblages, whether to deliver an address or to read a paper, or to contribute by discussion. I remember one evening in particular at a meeting in the philosophy seminary room, where a specialist had presented a paper. After the reading and discussion were over, the President was asked to speak. The subject did not pertain to his own field, it was abstruse, and the discussion had been of a character to correspond; yet he rose and with perfect composure and readiness made the most luminous contribution of the evening.

At this time Mr. Wilson was forty-eight years old, had been President of Princeton for two years, and Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics for fourteen years, and during that year was conducting courses in elements of jurisprudence and constitutional government. He had been graduated from Princeton in 1879 at the age of twenty-three; from the law school of the University of Virginia, his native state, in 1881; had practised law in Atlanta for one year; and had received the doctorate from Johns Hopkins in 1886 at the age of thirty. From 1885 to 1890, when he began his career at Princeton, he had occupied chairs of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr and Wesleyan. At the age of twenty-nine he had published *Congressional Government*; at thirty-three *Elements of Historical and Practical Politics*; at thirty-seven *Division and Reunion, An Old Master and Other Political Essays*,

and *Mere Literature and Other Essays*; at forty, *George Washington*; at forty-six, *A History of the American People*. At fifty-two, four years after my Princeton experience, he published *Constitutional Government in the United States*; at fifty-seven, in 1913, the first year of his presidency of the United States, after resignation from Princeton and two years' service as Governor of New Jersey, *The New Freedom*.

Mr. Wilson's career thus shows him to have been an American, a Virginian, a lifelong student, a scholar by temperament and training, a juriconsult, a college president, an author, a governor, and a national president. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry on both sides, a gentleman, a Christian, a democrat in both the philosophic and the party sense, an aristocrat by reason of nature but not by artifice. He was gifted with the best in manner, speech, accomplishments, and ideals, but never believed in the exclusive possession of the best or of any privilege. He came to the presidency of the United States without a fortune, and left it with a surprisingly small one.

The next time I saw Mr. Wilson was during his visit to Madison and on the occasion of his address in the university armory. Not a few still recollect, across the interval of more than a dozen years, the clear, even, firm, and straightforward utterance that never hesitated and never misplaced a word, and the orderly intelligence that never advanced a false or specious reason. They recall the perfect control of gesture and voice, the absence of conscious ornament, the economy of manner and speech. Some of them remember the earnestness of the words in which he commented on the fact that in the cities of our democratic civilization there is always to be found so carefully set apart the "resident district", and the equally earnest and regretful words on the separateness engendered between the few and the many by the possession of the taste that comes to the few with cultural opportunity. They remember the impression of sincerity made by the address; not merely the sincerity of truthfulness, but sincerity in the critical sense, the full and freely flowing expression of power.

A smaller group were present on another occasion, when Mr. Wilson gave an after-dinner speech before the delegates of the

American Association of University Professors. They remember its spontaneity, its finish, its taste, its brevity, and its moving quality; how it began with ingratiating kept within bounds, advanced with a play of wit that opened mind and heart, and concluded with an appeal that both penetrated and stirred.

The cautiousness as president which adverse critics called slowness and indecision, I thought I understood; it was the scholar investigating the evidence, the student weighing reasons, the patriot and humanitarian unwilling to risk without clearer vision the lives and fortunes of his countrymen, or of the enemy themselves. I was sure I understood the vigor of his leadership when once the decision was made; his resolution and energy were those of the leader who has made sure that his cause is righteous. He was one to—

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee."

When President Wilson left America after the armistice to sit in the peace conference, it was in the mood of exaltation. Not of selfish exaltation. He was inspired by the sense of magnificent opportunity for himself and his country in the service of all mankind. We had suffered the agonies of uncertainty for four long years. We had sent into deadly peril our sons and brothers, our fathers, our daughters and our sisters; and our mothers had worked and prayed and waited as mothers have done in time of war throughout the ages. Again and again we had been horrified by the news from the front. We had entered into the war protestingly, justifying ourselves to conscience on the ground that we resorted to war only for the ending of war. We had stimulated ourselves by voluntary sacrifice of means and comfort, and had been stimulated against our will by sacrifice of the lives that were dearer than all else, into an incandescence of idealism of whose fading again into the light of common day we did not dream. The whole thing was so colossal in its injustice, its unreasonableness, its destructiveness, its horrible cruelties, that it must be ended, and ended forever. The world had had enough; it was ready for reason, for self-restraint, for coöperation, for peace, for amity. It seemed im-

possible that the old state of mutual jealousies and antagonisms and treacheries, to say nothing of the atrocities of actual combat, should ever return. The world had caught the vision of swords beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and of the time when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Of those who saw the vision and dreamed the dream on this side of the water, the one who saw it most distinctly was Woodrow Wilson. His vision was clearest because it had been sharpened by a greater responsibility than that of any other president from the time the republic began, and of longer duration than that of any other president since Lincoln. His vision began to take outline before the conflict had reached its term. It grew in distinctness as victory became assured. It included not only the end but the means. He would league together a world grown willing and reasonable. He would be at hand, and unselfishly convince. He would exert the influence of the mighty nation that had helped to save the allied world from destruction, and would insure mankind against recurrence of the dreadful mistake. The nation whose history and character had been his life-study should be the instrument of the great achievement. It was enough, indeed, to induce the exalted mood.

This was what he saw—with the eyes of a Christian who believed in charity and not in force; with the eyes of a democrat who had faith in the reasonableness and goodwill of his fellow men; with the ingenuousness of the idealist who forgot the ape and tiger still indwelling in humanity; with the eyes of a gentleman who trusted to the honor of men who gave their word; with the eyes of an American who believed all things possible.

There were many of our people who had the same vision, but less distinctly. There were earnest men who had the vision but thought it only a vision. The friends of the President who understood the process of his thought and feeling, but doubted the realization of his dream, were not surprised by the consequence. They rejoice in his having entertained the vision; they do not consider his going to the council-table a failure.

They think of it only as a tragedy—a tragedy, but not a failure. The failure was on the part of a selfish and inconstant world, a world heroic in war but unheroic in peace. It was not his failure, because it is not the end. Lincoln was a tragedy, but not a failure. The solution of the world problem may never be exactly in the Wilson letter, but it will be in the Wilson spirit. For a supreme moment, when the applause of English, Belgian, French, and Italian millions was ringing in his ears, the hungering and thirsting of men after righteousness was made vocal, and the vision and the venture justified.

But fled was the visionary gleam. What President Wilson had not realized was the natural and essential cynicism of diplomacy in a continent over-crowded, selfish, and bred in the animosities of all the centuries since Europe began. He had forgotten in his exaltation that it is not possible in nature for the great masses of mankind to translate directly into action their modes of thought and sentiment, that they must be represented, and that thus far no means has been discovered of avoiding the loss between sentiment and action always entailed by delegation to the few. He did not know Europe. Perhaps he did know Europe, but felt that opportunity was never so good, and the chance worth a supreme attempt. He was a courageous man, and resolute, not the man to shrink before a losing battle for righteousness. He believed in democracy translated into action. It was this belief that sent him to Europe and his tragic end. Through the diplomats about the conference table, the nations of the old world re-discovered wants they had laid aside and discovered wants they had never known; they forgot self-sacrifice and the war that was to have ended all wars. The bargaining, the insincerity, the greed, the jealousies, the hatreds, the threats, all began again.

The President did what most men do in a difficult bargain. He gave up the least possible and took the best he could obtain. Rather than lose all, he accepted less than his desire, but what he thought still could be made the means of winning all. He came home with what he had won—and with an exhausted body. He still believed in his cause, and in his countrymen if they could be made to understand. He set out to meet and

convince them face to face—and the exhausted body broke. He had not realized the persistence of old-world selfishness and cynicism, he had not foreseen the failure of his powers. Nature, who made crowded and contracted Europe what she is, and who framed the laws of human weakness and established the limits of human endurance, had been against him.

And now to the crowd of the sincere and constant who had never believed in his vision were added the crowds of the inconstant who always veer with the winds of fortune, and the crowds of the petty and unscrupulous who are always on the watch for opportunity, and the crowds who cheer where cheering is the mode and jeer when the fashion is to jeer. He had not foreseen Europe, and he had not foreseen this.

This is not to lay indiscriminate blame. I have been describing the development and the *dénouement* of a tragedy. We need not claim all the virtues for the tragic figure; he was human. We need not declare that he never lacked, we need not deny the defects in character and statesmanship that are charged with contribution to the tragedy; although this is not the place to set them down. He was our leader through difficult and dangerous years, he was a good man, and he died for his country—with agony more prolonged and deeper than the agony of the battlefield. With the same composure with which he guarded his lips, from the day the American people turned upon him until the day the breath left the stricken body, his friends may leave the verdict to time. . . .

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

The University of Wisconsin.

THE FALL OF MAECENAS*

The 'fall' of Maecenas, it should be observed, was a loss of power and influence, not of formal office. The great statesman and *de facto* minister of Augustus remained in the equestrian order while much lesser men became senators and consuls, which is doubtless the reason why poets like Horace and Propertius laid such emphasis on his lower status in addressing him.

His nearest approach to a magistracy or *imperium* of any kind was his appointment as guardian (*praefectus*) of the city during Augustus's absences from Rome—an office not recognized in the Republic and refused by Messalla Corvinus as unconstitutional (*incivilis*).

For more than twenty years after Augustus's entry upon political life Maecenas was in closest association with him. During the latter half of this period he stood next in importance (with the possible exception of Agrippa) to the Emperor and ruler of the world. He was supreme in his counsels; constantly acted as his vicegerent; had a duplicate of his seal, and revised and altered his dispatches at discretion.¹

He had, therefore, a position to lose; a height such as few men have attained from which to fall; and when he had fallen, he tried hard to be raised again to his former place, but, to the great distress of his mind, without success. In this respect his career presents an unusual feature. Whenever misfortune has overtaken those who have played prominent parts in history, *that* is the circumstance that first occurs to the mind of posterity upon mention of their names: *e. g.*, Wolsey, Bacon, Strafford, Galileo, Joan of Arc, etc. The fact that upon the principal author of Augustan imperialism, and the chief statesman and administrator of this critical age, an overwhelming calamity

* This essay is based upon an address made in 1908 to the Philological Society of Oxford, supplemented by the results of further consideration. The references *T. and E.*, *Ep.*, and *S. E.*, refer respectively to my *Translation and Exposition of the Odes of Horace*, *Epilegomena on Horace*, and *Student's Edition of Books I-III, The Monumentum Aere Perennius*.

¹ Dio Cassius, 51. 3.

descended and gave a tragic ending to his life is not commonly remembered, although it had some consequences of peculiar interest.

Tacitus, with his relish of epigram, says a striking thing about Maecenas in his *Annals*. The words are: "G. Maecenati (sc. Augustus) urbe in ipsa velut peregrinum otium permisit."² He puts them into the mouth of Seneca, when in the act of surrendering his wealth to Nero, as a plea for being allowed to go into retirement instead of effacing himself (as desired) by immediate suicide. There is a note of irony, however, in the adjective *peregrinum* that renders its actual use by the miserable philosopher on that occasion rather unlikely, and the word is probably due to the historian. Nevertheless, no more felicitous phrase could have been coined to represent the plight of Maecenas during the last fourteen years of his life. The full sense of *peregrinum otium* cannot be conveyed in English by two words. The former connotes estrangement and exile, the latter (in view of the context) the idea of being 'shelved' as well as that of mere inactivity. This is shown by Tacitus in the *Annals*,³ where he states that Sallustius Crispus had stepped into Maecenas's place as chief counsellor and confidential agent of Augustus; for he adds that each of these men had possessed the appearance (*speciem*) rather than the reality (*vim*) of the Emperor's friendship, at the end of his life.

From Suetonius⁴ we know the cause of the breach between Maecenas and the Emperor; and from Dio⁵ and several other authorities we can fix the date when it occurred. It was early in B.C. 22. Maecenas lost the confidence of Augustus because he "betrayed to his wife Terentia the secret of the discovery of the conspiracy of Murena."⁶

What was this conspiracy? As officially documented it was a plot in conjunction with one Fannius Caepio (a Senatorian re-

² *Annals* 14. 53.

³ 3. 30.

⁴ *Aug.* 66

⁵ *Dio* 54. 3.

⁶ Professor Rolfe's translation, Loeb Series: The Latin is *Secretum de comperta Murenæ coniuratione uxori Terentiae prodidisset*; from which it will be seen that the "secret" may not have lain in the fact of discovery, but in the nature of the plot. Verrall in *Studies in Horace* has shown, as I think conclusively, that the subject is alluded to by Horace in Ode III. 2. 25.—See notes *ad loc.* in my *S. E.* and also §30 of *Introd. T. and E.*

calcitrant) to remove Augustus by assassination. And who was Murena? In full his name was Lucius Licinius Varro Murena, and he was (only!) the brother of Maecenas's wife Terentia, and of Procleius, the intimate friend of Augustus, to whom the latter a few months before these events had designed to marry his daughter Julia.⁷

The complication was, therefore, remarkable; and it might have been thought that Maecenas had a good excuse for speaking to his wife. Besides this, the fact that Murena was a conspirator of some sort was at once made public, and he was indicted (in his absence, for he had absconded), condemned (of complicity, with Fannius, "though as some thought unjustly"),⁸ captured and put to death. But a review of all the extant data concerning this tragic business forces us to the conclusion that the full extent of Murena's malevolent purpose was not divulged at the trial, and was laid under a ban of secrecy by Augustus. Tiberius, the Emperor's young son-in-law, figured as the formal prosecutor, and Castricius, the informer, was uniquely protected by Augustus himself.⁹ That this was because it touched the honor of Cæsar's family and that Murena's design was not only to remove and supplant Augustus, but was in some way concerned with the disposal of Julia's hand has been inferred by Dr. Verrall on independent grounds, and from these and other considerations I conclude that Murena's plot falls into the category of those described by Livia¹⁰ as being too shameful in their audacity and insolence to be explained in detail.

This member of the Licinian *gens*, which prided itself on its Greek descent,¹¹ into whose hands Dr. Verrall traces the wealth of the celebrated M. Terentius Varro, was an advocate who, after having been well disposed towards imperialism,¹² suddenly changed, seized an opportunity in Court to insult Augustus to his face by questioning his constitutional status, and immediately afterwards planned his assassination.¹³ He was certainly a troublesome brother-in-law to the statesman whom we remem-

⁷ Tacitus: *Annals* 4. 40.

⁸ Dio, 54. 3.

⁹ Suetonius: *Aug.* 56.

¹⁰ Seneca: *de Clem.* 1. 9.

¹¹ Varro, *De Re Rus.*

¹² Vell. Pat. 88. 3.

¹³ Dio 54. 3. B.C. 22.

ber almost exclusively on account of his patronage of literature, and there is reason to believe that he played the part of an ingrate towards his own brother Proculeius.¹⁴ As will be found subsequently in connection with Maecenas, it is not irrelevant to record the fact that Lucius Murena was a hunchback or "gibber".¹⁵ But our present point is that his insane and disastrous plot fixes the date of the estrangement between Augustus and Maecenas, and of the relegation of the latter to that exile, as it were, within the very walls of the city of which Tacitus speaks.

Among his contemporaries of the Augustan and his successors of the Silver Age, it was not upon the ground mentioned above that the fame of Maecenas rested. References to him by the historians and annalists are frequent. They relate most often to his political activities, seldom to his literary interests. The 52nd book of Dio Cassius is the best testimony that for at least two hundred years after his death constructive statesmanship was his title to renown. We are apt to reverse the order of importance. Maecenas's concern was for the State. In its interest he cultivated the genius of poets. That their response was in terms of deathless art instead of ephemeral journalism is merely an accident of history. The nobility of their classic idiom has sometimes been so self-sufficing as to stifle inquiry regarding the immediate subject that inspired it—a tribute to the power of words, but not always an accurate guide to the author's mind.

Seneca constantly invokes Maecenas as an example to illustrate another subject which has even less to do with the encouragement of literature, but is quite relevant to our present theme. To put it shortly, it was the inferiority of Epicurean to Stoic philosophy in the formation of character, and its inability to sustain or fortify the dignity of a man in the face of misfortune.

¹⁴In commentaries on Horace he has often been confused with Aulus Terentius Varro, Consul Suffect., in B. C. 23, who died in the year preceding the conspiracy. See Verrall: *Studies in Horace*, *sub tit.*

¹⁵Suet.: *De Gram.* 9, and *cf. S. E. Odes* II. 2 and II. 3.

There is no record to show how G. Cilnius Maecenas first became associated with Augustus in state business, but we do know that the connection began very early in the latter's political career. Between their families there was probably an anterior friendship. For the contemporary historian Nicolaus Damascenus¹⁶ records that a Lucius Maecenas was with Augustus at Apollonia, where the news of his 'father's' murder was brought to him, and whence he proceeded to Rome to claim his heritage and avenge the wrong. It is certain that Maecenas was an older and more experienced man than either the future Emperor or Agrippa, who at that date were aged nineteen and twenty respectively. The three were soon in close coöperation, and after Mutina, Philippi and Perusia we find Maecenas negotiating the marriage with Scribonia and acting with Cocceius Nerva as Augustus's diplomatic envoy to Antonius at Brundisium in B.C. 40 and at Tarentum in B.C. 38.¹⁷

Appian's references to Maecenas illustrate the remark of Velleius Paterculus that although luxurious in relaxation he was energetic in action, and demonstrate the reliance placed on him by Augustus. His successor Sallustius Crispus affected the same habit.¹⁸ Although Agrippa was a good soldier, it was Maecenas who had the gift of diplomacy and the statesman's brain to divine what was feasible and to make that the basis of policy. He knew that a strong personal rule was at this time the sole hope for Rome, and that the heir of the Julii was the only possible wielder of it—the one man (*Χρηστός* is Dio's word) for whom a superior status and authority had any chance of recognition by both the democratic and the aristocratic parties. He advocated and he compassed the elevation of Augustus, but the practical cast of his mind is shown in his blunt declaration

¹⁶ *Vit. Caes.* 31.

¹⁷ Horace's *Sat.* I. 5 cannot refer to the former occasion, because he did not join the circle of Maecenas till B.C. 39. This Satire is notable as the place where Murena is first mentioned by the poet in the identical words (*Murena praebe[n]te domum*) that are used in Ode III, 19, relating to a banquet given by the conspirator shortly before and in connection with the plot against the Emperor. See notes and comments in my *T. and E., Ep., and S. E., ad loc.*

¹⁸ Tac. 3. 30, and see *S. E.* Introd. §17.

that no man was ever "deified" by the votes of other men, but only by keeping them properly in order at duty's call.¹⁹ The arrangement of B.C. 28 represents the compromise between the Emperor's veneration for the old constitution and the exigencies of the times. A wish to subserve the interests of Rome and civilization was in truth the spirit animating these three men. They were influenced, naturally, by personal considerations, but there was probably a deeper tincture of ambition in Maecenas than in either of the others. Augustus revered the Republic and would never admit that he had done anything to subvert it.²⁰ He tried hard to retire, and spoke his real mind when he said that the day on which he could lay aside the burden of office would be the happiest of his life.²¹ His early severity was due more to the call of honor to avenge his 'father's' blood than to any other cause. Agrippa knew his own limitations. He accepted responsibility from Augustus, but seems to have been inspired by no other desire than to support him. Maecenas, adroitly avoiding public honors that would expose him to attack, worked himself into a position of the highest power. He made the utmost of his opportunities. As Horace's impertinent questioner said of him:—

Nemo dexterius fortuna est usus,²²

and he had no sympathy with Augustus in his desire to descend from his elevation and sink back to the level of a *privatus*.²³ In the sane mind of Maecenas we can discover but one characteristic that testifies to a lack of balance, namely, his thirst for power. He was shrewd enough to conceal it, so as to escape jealousy and odium, but his large activities in juxtaposition with his utter collapse when he had lost his influence show that it must have been his consuming passion.

¹⁹ Dio 52. 35.

²⁰ Suet. *Aug.* 31; Dio 53. 1; *Mon. Ancy.*

²¹ Sen.: *Brev. Vit.* 6.

²² *Sat.* 1. 9. 45.

²³ We may accept Horace as a witness for this in view of his poetical paraphrases of words attributed to Maecenas by Dio, Book 52—see *S. E. Introd.* 22, and *Notes to Ode III. 2* On the authenticity of Maecenas's speech in Dio, cf. Shuckburgh's *Augustus*, p. 280, and p. 147 n.

That upon which I would suggest that sufficient emphasis has not been laid by historians is the conduct of Maecenas after Augustus had ceased to consult or use him in the business of the Empire. It forms the basis of the moralizings upon his lack of stamina to be found in Seneca's letters. The stoical philosopher holds him up as an example from the herd of Epicurus to prove that worldly success is not the *sumum bonum* because it weakens the moral fibre and, in the face of a reverse, is found to have brought pusillanimity instead of strength of character.²⁴ When duly considered, it illuminates history and charges with a greater significance much of the familiar literature with which the name of Maecenas is linked.

The 'restoration' of the Republic by Augustus in B.C. 28 suited Maecenas well enough, because it was merely formal and left him in possession of power, but his view of the Emperor's determined attempt to make the restoration a reality four years later may be gathered from his own words in *Dio* 52, and from Horace's reflections of them in the *Odes*.²⁵ The poet was clearly inspired by Maecenas and the misfortune that had overtaken him. Several of the odes in Horace's *Monumentum* of the times, attributed to the Muse of Tragedy (*i. e.*, *Odes* I-III), could not have been composed before his patron's downfall—a single consideration sufficient, even if it stood alone, to upset the false chronology of these poems so long (and so inexplicably) accepted by scholars, which assigns them all to a date prior to B.C. 22. The truth is that that disaster was the germ and origin of the work as a collective whole, and that Murena's conspiracy and its issue (as well as its suppressed details) are subjects of allusion therein; and further, that these allusions when collated with other recorded facts and references can be interpreted as such with a propriety and consistency that amounts to proof. One has but to range the events of history in one's mind beside the poet's expressions and the conclusion is irresistible. Horace introduces all the actors in the drama, sometimes by name,

²⁴ Cf. Sen.: *Epist.* 19 and 101, and references in *T. and E. Introd.* § 110, *Odes* II. 2 notes, *Ep.* §§68-9.

²⁵ *Odes* III. 2. 17-24; III. 24, 25. Cf. *S. E.*, *ad loc.*, and *Introduction*, §22.

sometimes by pseudonyms, and sometimes by an allusion identifiable by its application to the circumstances. If what he writes was composed before the plot and its consequences, then Horace was not only an infallible prophet, but a man who adopted the habit (which so far as I know has been observed only in an imaginary country called *Through the Looking-Glass*) of reversing the usual order of the pain and the cry.

This is the dilemma arising from the chronology of the *Odes* approved by Orelli and generally accepted in the nineteenth century. It is usually associated with the name of Franke, who either took a superficial view of Roman history, or lacked penetration to perceive the point and motive of the poet's work. Dr. A. W. Verrall, in 1885, was the first modern expositor to upset the old chronology and to demonstrate the importance of Murena's plot and Maecenas's fall in Horatian exegesis.

The topic was one that had necessarily to be treated with reticences, and often in cryptic or oblique language with the protective shield of double meanings. The last thing that Augustus could have wished was to incur a charge of ingratitude to such a coadjutor as Maecenas. There is no sign that he changed his bearing towards him outwardly; indeed, the evidence is the other way—*viz.*, Tacitus's remark that Maecenas had rather the appearance than the reality of the Emperor's friendship during his later years, and the fact that attention was not openly drawn in Rome to their estrangement till B.C. 16.²⁶ Maecenas, and Horace on his behalf, would naturally keep the matter secret so long as there was a hope of restoration. If referred to, it could be done only with caution. And this is what we find. Yet the seventeenth ode of the second book, however uncategorical, is addressed to a man who has cause for complaint and is talking of death—*Cur me querellis exanimas tuis*, etc.; and the penultimate

²⁶ *Dio* 54.19. No reliance can be placed on Dio's suggestions that the strain between Augustus and Maecenas was due to the Emperor's relations with the minister's wife. They rest on gossip of the town, and as Augustus contemned that when it was false, he may have preferred the *vulgus* to think it true in this instance rather than inquire further. The worthlessness of all such scandal about Augustus is shown by Tacitus,—*Ann.* 4. 34; and see *S.E.* p. 18.

poem of the series—*Tyrrhena regum progenies*—is not the sort of lesson usually read to a minister in power, as Verrall has observed. It is an attempt at consolation with the hope, no doubt, of inspiring pity in the mind of the one man who could repair the injury; but it is carefully cloaked with a vesture of duplicity through which any such interpretation could plausibly be repudiated.

Plainer speaking was in fact out of the question. Although Horace was doing his utmost on behalf of his patron and friend, and although on patriotic grounds he could dare to teach the deified Emperor his duty to the State (as he did in the stanzas of Ode III. 24, beginning *O quisquis volet impias*), he could not presume to dictate to him on the choice of his counsellors. Even had it been possible it would have been bad policy to do so publicly, and thus to make known to the *vulgus* (whom he detested and repelled) a story of dissension and banishment of potentates of the sort that it drinks in with thirsty ears but without regard for that reverent silence that is sometimes demanded.²⁷

In making an appeal of this kind Horace had a precedent in Pindar, upon the difficulty of imitating whom he found reason to remark, when, at the request of Augustus, he added a fourth book to the three of his *Monumentum Aere Perennius*. The great fourth Pythian (from which Horace adapted so many phrases) is a poetical plea on behalf of one who had been exiled by the sovereign he had served. Horace's lyrical memorial was inspired by a patron suffering similarly, who also sought advocacy from his youngest *protégé*, Propertius,²⁸ besides making use of his own pen. It is significant that Maecenas chose the name of Prometheus, the Titan who suffered at the hands of the God he had helped to seat in the throne of Heaven, for the book he wrote on his own case. In it he seems to have applied to himself the warnings which Horace thought proper for the ambitious Murena. Seneca records that here Maecenas was speaking truth like a witness under the torture,²⁹ and criticizes his language as that of a maudlin drunkard, whereas, if pros-

²⁷ *Odes* II. 13; III. 1.

²⁸ *El.* II. 1.; III. 9

²⁹ *Epist.* 19; and see Verrall: *Studies in Horace*, on Ode II. 10.

perity had not sapped his *moral* he "might have been a fine specimen of Roman discipline;" and asks whether any sane man would accept power at the price of such an 'intoxicated' style. These comments help us to apprehend the tenor of some of Augustus's own criticisms on Maecenas's language. To the Romans the style was in truth the man. 'Oratory' was synonymous with education and moral training, and in such ideas no one was more rigid than Augustus. Extravagance moved him to derision.⁸⁰ It was a gesture never likely to commend itself in the pleading of a cause. On the other hand, Horace's ironic salt and *curiosa felicitas* in not letting the whole meaning appear on the surface⁸¹ was not only tolerated but admired by the Emperor.

By Seneca⁸² and Quintilian,⁸³ several more sayings of Maecenas are preserved. Some of them seem to apply to the period of his misfortune—*e. g.*:—

Nec tumulum curo, sepelit natura relictos,"

[I care nothing for my tomb, nature buries off-casts;]

Ne exequias quidem unus inter miserrimos viderem meas.

[Alone among the most miserable of men, I would not provide even for my own funeral rites].

On the strange effusion recorded by Seneca (in Epistle 101) I may perhaps quote from my *Epilegomena on Horace*, §68:—

If anything is transparent in the following lines,—

Debilem facito manu;
debilem pede coxa;
tuber adstrue gibberum;
lubricos quate dentes—
Vita dum superest bene'st.
Hanc mihi vel acuta
si sedeam cruce, sustine—

it is that they are not an appeal for life, but an indignant remonstrance that life on such terms should be thought tolerable.

I regard it as certain that this was a reflection upon his treatment by Augustus. The cry in the third line—"Put the hunchback's hump on me"—can, in this connection, have but one

⁸⁰ Suet.: 66.

⁸² Epist. 92 and 101.

⁸¹ Cf. S. E. §14. Introd.

⁸³ Inst. IX. 4. 28.

meaning, namely: 'Make me suffer for Murena's offence.' It is said in irony and is a bitter reproach for the treatment he had received. I cannot doubt that Seneca, the Stoic and adherent of another school of philosophy, perceived this, although it did not happen to be the point he wished to make at the moment.

Merivale has stated that the character of Augustus was a "puzzle" to historians. This was because those who preceded himself not only wrote with prejudice but thought it their function to judge men of an ancient epoch by modern and alien standards. The jejune and indefensible estimate of Augustus presented by Goldsmith was generally accepted in quite recent times. Until the original authorities were subjected to a process similar to that applied by Carlyle in the case of Cromwell, Rome's great drama of the first century B. C. was represented in crude colors, mainly false, and with small regard to justice for the actors. This had not escaped the notice of E. A. Freeman, and as Maecenas complained that Augustus had saddled him with the burden of Murena's sins, so might Augustus now complain that the historians have laid to his charge the consequences of the acts of both his predecessors and his followers, without allowance for human fallibility or the exigencies of his situation.

We have such a mass of testimony about Augustus that we can sift the false from the true, and form a just conception of his character. It is too large a subject for this place, and I have given reasons elsewhere for divergence from Merivale's views,³⁴ but on one or two aspects of it a few words are necessary.

In matters involving his duty to the State, or affecting the honor of his family, the mind of Augustus was not malleable. Here, its cast was typically Roman. He was peculiarly sensitive regarding the prestige of his line and the obligation to maintain its honor unsullied. As the avenger of his 'father' he was implacable, although naturally of humane disposition, kindly, and thoroughly Italian in his love *desipiendi in loco*. But

³⁴ Cf. *Ep.*, Appendix.

he was a product of his age; and, as Professor G. Ferrero has remarked in his book on *The Women of the Cæsars*, both personal feeling and private interest, at this period, had to yield if they clashed with duty to the State. Augustus, for example, both loved and desired to do honor to Tiberius—his letters and conduct prove it—yet, without any change in this respect he made him sacrifice his happiness in married life for State reasons. Since this was possible for him, one can understand that, if he once conceived it desirable in the public interest to change his advisers or personal adjutants, he would do so, however much he might regret the necessity; and he would expect the person affected by his decision to accept it in the same spirit, without rancor or ill-will. But stoical resignation of this kind was exactly what Maecenas could not give. That is the gravamen of Seneca's charges against him. Even his devoted friend Horace writes as if he felt that Maecenas at this conjuncture showed a lack of 'grit'.³⁵ Augustus was likely to condemn any petulance or open resentment expressed by word or deed, and something of this kind is probably what happened. The adverse criticism by the Emperor of Maecenas's 'style'³⁶ implies criticism of his demeanor probably in the situation which had arisen, and connotes defect of character. It tends to explain why all the exertions of Horace (*viz.*, in the *Odes* and Book I of the *Epistles*) were futile. The supplementary Book of *Odes* (commonly called Book IV) commissioned not by Maecenas but by Augustus to celebrate the exploits of his stepsons, supplies evidence that Horace knew that he had failed; for in the last line of the eleventh poem we find that the *Atra Cura* which had seated itself behind the *Eques* in former years³⁷ is still oppressing Maecenas with its weight.

The imperial attitude may have influenced also the decision of Propertius not to enter the arena into which Horace had dared to descend, and to excuse himself on the ground that contests on "Phlegrean" fields between "Jove and Enceladus" were beyond his powers.³⁸ He declined Maecenas's request to this end a second time in terms which clearly in-

³⁵ *Odes* III. 28. 31.

³⁶ Suet. 86.

³⁷ *Odes* III. 1. 40.

³⁸ *El.* II. 1.

dicare that the services of the minister was the theme proposed, and he says significantly, that 'fidelity' will be his real distinction³⁹ which was quite *à propos*, although to the ardent Horace it seemed a poor-spirited sort of response to make.⁴⁰

Of political criticism, even in the form of lampoons, Augustus was not afraid.⁴¹ Personal abuse or false gossip about himself he let pass in silence.⁴² He objected to the cheapening of his name, and flattery that implied unconstitutional elevation was resented.⁴³ The thing that he could not tolerate was a slur on the reputation of his family—*patientius mortem quam dedecora suorum tulit*.⁴⁴ The avoidance of scandal about the women of his house was a tradition received from his 'father' Julius Cæsar. In this respect his daughter Julia was the chief thorn in his side: the Julia whom he had designed to marry to Proculeius (the humble knight, whereas Maecenas advised that Agrippa was the only possible match for her), the Julia whom a conspirator designated "Lucius Audacius" plotted to abduct.⁴⁵ Of this "Lucius" and member of the *gens* "Audacius" we hear from Suetonius, who was Hadrian's librarian and had access to the imperial archives. Although the story given us is clear enough in presentation, it has some peculiar features which make it difficult to accept exactly as told. These have been examined and discussed at length in my *Translation and Exposition*.⁴⁶ Lucius Audacius the conspirator is described as a man with some bodily defect, and his plot is mentioned in connection with the designs of one Telephus, a woman's slave and nomenclator, who, under the delusion that the Fates 'owed' him the sovereignty of the world, was prepared to pit himself against Augustus and the Senate.

Now these are really remarkable facts in consideration of what we know of the hunchback conspirator, Lucius Murena: the association of the name "Telephus" with his in Ode III. 19 and with "Lydia" in Ode I. 13, the warnings to audacious ravishers of a lioness's whelps in Ode III. 20, and the reintroduc-

³⁹ *El. III. 9: Maecenatis erunt vera tropaea fides.*

⁴⁰ *Cf. Ep. 82-84*

⁴¹ *Suet. : 55, 56.*

⁴² *Ibid., 51.*

⁴³ *Ibid., 89. 53.*

⁴⁴ *Ibid., 65.*

⁴⁵ *Ibid., 19, and cf. T. and E. §§ 96 ff.*

⁴⁶ *Introd. §§ 96-100.*

tion of the name Telephus in connection with Maecenas's unalleviated grief in Ode IV. 11, where it is coupled with a reflection on the propriety of not wanting too much, particularly in the way of marriage above one's station. That in "Lucius Audacius" and "Telephus" we are in touch with the deformed Murena—deluded as he probably was by "Paelignian" horoscopes—upon whose plot the tragedy of Maecenas followed, I have no doubt; and further, the hypothesis seems reasonable that when Juvenal, after absorbing a whole day in reading the "mighty Telephus," a drama of Rome (*togata*), thinks it desirable to relight the lamp of Venusium, he is referring to Horace's handling of the same theme.⁴⁷

To what precise degree the rejection of Maecenas's counsel and service affected history is not now to be decided. Upon looking at the political situation in B.C. 22, we see that there was more to strain his relations with the Emperor than the alleged breach of confidence. It was at this time that Augustus, after two severe illnesses in rapid succession, was describing himself as *emeritus* for military service⁴⁸ and doing all he could to slough the principate and reinstate consuls and Senate in their former position as the authorities responsible for administration and government at home. He was, in fact, trying to abandon the policy advocated by Maecenas in B.C. 28, and still believed in, not only by its author and his two gifted partisans, Vergil and Horace, but also by the mass of citizens.⁴⁹ He left Rome and stayed away until dissension and disorder compelled his return in B.C. 19. Even then he would accept a new lease of office for only a limited term.⁵⁰ After his eleventh consulship in B.C. 23 he never again assumed this office except for reasons connected with the introduction of members of his family to public life.

But Maecenas was right in the view in which Augustus would personally have preferred to prove him wrong. Monarchic rule was the sole hope of holding the State together, of keeping

⁴⁷ Cf. Juvenal: *Sat.* I *passim*, and remarks thereon in *T. and E.* Introd. §§ 101 ff. ⁴⁸ Cf. Horace: *Odes* III. 1; IV. 37. ⁴⁹ *Dio* 54. 1.

⁵⁰ Cf. Horace: *Carm. Saec.* 49-68.

Capitoline Jove secure, and Rome as "The City" still.⁵¹ Having once been established in the hands of the deified *princeps* it could never be abandoned.

On political as well as personal grounds, therefore, there was a line of cleavage between Maecenas and Augustus during the years B.C. 22-19, and at the end of them, even if the personal difference could have been settled, another régime had established itself. Sallustius Crispus had stepped into the shoes of Maecenas, and by this time the influence of Livia, as her sons grew in adolescence, was increasing. Sallustius, we learn from Horace,⁵² was a foe to ill-used wealth, and a menace to the illegitimately ambitious, which, considering the adjacent reference to Proculeius, may reasonably be construed as a poetical way of saying that he had been instrumental in the suppression of Proculeius's brother.

After Augustus returned to Rome in B.C. 19, he yielded to necessity and made no further effort to divest himself of power. The policy of Maecenas triumphed, while its promoter sank unobtrusively into political insignificance. Hence the failure of history to stress the fact.

It is upon literature that the effect of Maecenas's fall is conspicuous. Had it not occurred, Horace's lyrical masterpiece, unique and unparalleled, would possibly not have been composed—certainly not in its present form. And what is true of Horace's *Monumentum* is also true of his *Epistles*, especially Mommsen's favorite, the first book—*sermones*, which, in contrast with *carmina*, the author could produce quickly from the store of his mind (*mox depromere*). Neither would Horace have intruded strains of sorrow and regret into the supplementary book of *Odes* commanded by the Emperor, coupled with the pathetic show of honor to the patron and friend who was the other half of his own soul, and whom *he* would not ignore, whatever his superiors might do.⁵³

From the lamp of Venusium light has shone upon many other writers of genius and understanding: Vergil, Ovid, Propertius,

⁵¹ Horace: *Odes* III. 5. 12.

⁵² *Odes* II. 2.

⁵³ *Odes* IV. 1. 29-40; IV. 3; IV. 10; IV. 11, etc.

Persius, Petronius, Juvenal,—all these are affected. But in his own chosen field there is no peer to the artist whose pregnant poems Augustus "took in good part,"⁵⁴ predicting their immortality. Immortality they have won, but what would the Emperor have thought of the sense in which they have been read? Against a background of the welfare and grandeur of Rome their dramatic theme is clear, and has been sufficiently indicated by their author:—

"Prima dicte mihi summa dicende camēna. . . . Maecenas."

EDWARD R. GARNSEY.

London, England.

⁵⁴Suet: *Vit. Hor.*

SEA

When I came down to the sea
I saw white gulls flying,
And there was the sound of waves
And of women crying.

When I came down to the sea
A swift wind was blowing,
And there was a slender ship
Eager to be going.

EDITH HORTON.

Ithaca, New York.

BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE: AN
INTIMATE VIEW*

Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve was born in Charleston, South Carolina, October 25, 1831. "I was," he says, "Charlestonian first, Carolinian next, and then a Southerner—on my mother's side a Southerner beyond dispute." The old Charlestonian's patriotic pride in that city by the sea he completely understood, as witness this remark: "Those who could not travel were intense Charlestonians and those who could were not much less intense. Men who knew both Paris and Charleston spoke respectfully of Charleston." His father came from the North to be one of the principals of Mount Zion Academy in Georgia, and although he became, and continued for the rest of his life to be, editor of church papers, he resumed teaching whenever stress of fortune required it; so that both teaching and editing came to the son by inheritance. Until his thirteenth year his father was his only teacher—as James Mill of John Stuart—the lessons heard at odd hours, often when the father was tired from work.

He had a certain satisfaction in my literary bent, but my performances in construing and doing sums often moved him to wrath, which I never considered righteous until many years afterward, when I in my turn took the double part of parent and teacher—a most undesirable occupation.

He could read between three and four and signalized the completion of his fifth year by reading the Bible from cover to cover. The reading was "not with understanding," he remarks; but at least one sees the results everywhere in his

*The relations of the author with Dr. Gildersleeve are brought out incidentally in the course of this paper. They first met at the Cornell meeting of the American Philological Association in 1886, and later at other meetings. Especially pleasant were the few days spent as fellow-guests in the home of Professor Benjamin L. Wiggins, when Dr. Gildersleeve was giving his third successive summer course of lectures at Sewanee, in 1888. Professional work brought them into correspondence, and Dr. Smith preserved every letter, including even postcards, written by his friend—the source of much of the material used in this article.—EDITORIAL NOTE.

style. Latin he learned early and "got through" Cæsar, Sallust, Cicero, Vergil, Horace before the time when boys of a later age have learned the rudiments—although he admits that it was a false start and had to be done over. Greek also he began early; for a copy of Plato was given him by the scholarly family physician at twelve and he made then a version of the *Crito* and only a little later turned Anacreon into English verse. In French he had read before fourteen sundry plays of Corneille, Racine and Molière. German came later. Milton was the only poet his father cared for or quoted. Shakespeare, being "immoral", was not tolerated; but Saturdays he used to resort to the house of "an ungodly uncle" and there read the coveted dramas. Scott's novels "the dear old Scotch librarian of the Apprentices' Library" was wheedled into putting into the boy's hands, although the little fellow had to hold himself ready, whenever a certain heavy step was heard, to tuck the volume under the pillow. He tells these things, because "all that came after lay implicit in that first period." "An imaginative, impulsive, *prime sautier* boy"—he calls himself—"proud, shy, self-conscious, cursed with a poetic temperament and unblessed with poetic power."

He studied first at the College of Charleston—a freshman at fourteen—later transferred to Jefferson College, and finally to Princeton in 1847, being graduated—not yet eighteen—fourth in a class of seventy-nine. It is fair to infer that he did not place a high estimate upon the Princeton teaching of his day, and he gave nearly all his time to the study of literature, laying out his work and time with great exactness, making extracts of what he read, and "considering, then as always afterwards, punctuality in the fulfillment of every species of engagement an indispensable virtue." After graduation he was for a time classical master in Maupin's private school in Richmond, of which period he leaves this record:—

The necessity of close observation, the necessity of formulating rules, first for my own guidance, then for the guidance of my pupils, made me in time a fair grammarian, and has given me my only claim to have contributed something to the science of my chosen province.

At this time he was morally much under the influence of Carlyle, who introduced him to Goethe—"the most important of all the teachers I ever had." In 1850 he went to Germany, studying at Berlin, Bonn, and Göttingen, at which last-named university he took his Ph.D. at twenty-three. Among his teachers he mentions especially Boeckh, Franz, K. F. Hermann, Schneidewin, Bernays, Welcker, and, "above all, Ritschl." "To Germany and the Germans," he says, "I am indebted for everything, professionally, in the way of apparatus and method, and for much, very much, in the way of inspiration." Three years of waiting followed until finally he cursed his day and had resolved to quit an ungrateful calling; but in 1856 he was elected, at twenty-five, Professor of Greek in the University of Virginia. His motto was "Grow, not climb," and he gave his whole time to "preparing lectures and correcting exercises," never writing a line for the press or lecturing in public for seven years. In the summer of 1864 he joined General Gordon's staff and was with Early in the Valley of Virginia. "In that campaign I lost my pocket Homer, I lost my pistol, I lost one of my horses, and finally I came near losing my life by a wound which kept me five months on my back." Returning after the war to the University of Virginia, he remained there until he rounded out exactly twenty years, making a name for himself in the lecture-room with his students and with his pen outside, especially as editor of books—notably his Latin Grammar and an edition of Persius.

When President Gilman was planning how to begin the first American University he received from a wise scholar this advice: "Enlist a great mathematician and a distinguished Grecian; your problem will be solved." He got Sylvester in mathematics and Gildersleeve in Greek. The rest were all young men who had their careers to make, but when one thinks of Martin, Remsen, Rowland, Brooks, Herbert Adams, Ely and Bloomfield, one must believe that Dr. Gilman was either a genius for choosing men or a wizard for luck. It was, however, not only a great faculty, but a remarkable student-body, for it has long been a recognized fact in American educational history that there was in the early days more promising talent in the

students that resorted to Hopkins than has ever been found, or probably will ever be found again, in one American university at one time.

Dr. Gildersleeve will be remembered longest as a productive scholar, that is, by his grammatical publications, but the reputation which he early won as an inspiring teacher followed him to the end, and it is probable that during his whole lifetime his fame has been due to his teaching even more than to his writings. He became recognized very early in his career at the University of Virginia as one of the foremost of the band of eminent scholars that gave that institution a unique position, first in the Southern states, and then all over the Union. His own reputation was due above all to his Latin Grammar, which was widely used in Southern colleges. The two things which students in other Southern colleges heard most about in connection with the classical teaching in the University of Virginia were Greek and Latin prose composition and the severity of the examinations. In most American institutions the writing of Greek and Latin was sadly neglected, usually only a general reading knowledge at best being acquired. The change for the better that characterized the post-bellum period has been due unquestionably to the University of Virginia more than to any other influence. Clever young men do not mind working hard if only they can be sure that they are getting something worth while for their pains. If they see that they are accomplishing something, they work willingly. Dr. Gildersleeve's pupils prided themselves on the severity of his discipline, because they recognized in him a master who himself set an example of hard work; and they doubtless came to recognize the tasks expected of them as something of a personal compliment, as implying confidence in their ability. Then there was his wit to enliven the drudgery that is inseparable from some phases of hard work. He was, too, a unique personality that amused, attracted and stimulated men wherever he was. An incident of the Cornell meeting (1886) of the American Philological Association—the first I ever attended—may illustrate this quality of his. I never think of that meeting without seeing again a group of men of all ages gathered in

some hall or corridor during an intermission, the centre of the group always Gildersleeve. The whole meeting was one continued unconscious ovation to Gildersleeve.

His was always a strong personal influence, whether communicated orally or through the printed page. Men felt the personal contact, and knew that it was good to be with him. I always felt this in hearing some of his most successful students talk of him, but never more so than in the case of two letters from men who never studied under him directly. Professor W. H. Bocock, of the University of Georgia, wrote me:—

I shan't begin on Gildersleeve; I'd write a book. . . .
To me he is one of three: Wheeler, Gildersleeve, Vahlen—
though I was never under Gildersleeve.

And Professor Charles W. Bain, of the University of South Carolina, wrote:—

I have never had the good fortune to study under Gildersleeve, but he has uniformly been kind and helpful to me on all occasions, and, of course, all of my Greek syntax that is worth knowing was culled from the notes in Justin Martyr and Pindar and from his wonderful articles in the *Journal*.

His influence upon Humphreys is well known; and my own indebtedness for the greater part of my life may be inferred from references in his letters quoted later on. From these examples one may infer his influence over many more men.

At the same time there was never any arrogant self-confidence about him. When I lamented one day my own isolation—attempting to carry alone the whole burden of the Greek language and literature—he told this anecdote to illustrate his own situation, as compared with, *e.g.*, the University of Leipzig:—

My friend Southall, riding down to Williamsburg one day, observed a lone Negro in a big tobacco field leaning on his hoe in deep meditation. Coming back next day he remarked the same Negro seemingly at the same spot, still leaning on his hoe and meditating. "Hello, uncle, you don't seem to be making much progress." Casting his eye despairingly over the wide field, the Negro said, "Boss, damn one nigger, anyway!" "That fits me," said Gildersleeve.

I first came into personal relations with him early in 1888. Dr. Humphreys, who had been regularly reviewing *Philologus* for the *Journal*, had been obliged to ask for relief and had suggested me as substitute. "It is hard," wrote Dr. Gildersleeve, "to ask such a favor of any man, and especially of a mature scholar who has nothing to make by it. . . . I am much freer to make this application by reason of our pleasant intercourse last summer, which makes me feel that I had gained a helper in you and a friend in time of need." The next time he went to Europe he turned to me for help in reading proof for the *Journal*. "Would you glance over the page proofs and let the *Journal* have the benefit of a better eye than the editor's for once?" Of course I did so, saying to some friends who knew how busy I was: "Of course I must do it; a request from Gildersleeve is like a command from a king." I had an unexpected reward when in the following issue I read this acknowledgment: "In the absence of the editor the last forms of this issue of the *Journal* were read by Professor Charles Forster Smith, of Vanderbilt University, who kindly consented to lend the aid of his accurate scholarship and his keen vision to the sacred cause of typographical correctness." After that, of course, I not only did, but did gladly, whatever he asked, and when he wrote, "You beggar me with your kindness," I was amply repaid.

My personal intercourse with him was practically restricted to the meetings of the Philological Association. At all such meetings he was easily the central figure, even when Whitney and March were there. I have mentioned already the meeting at Cornell, but a later meeting stands out even more distinctly in my memory. It was at Princeton in 1891. The importance of discussion at such meetings was never more effectively illustrated. One of his syntactical discoveries, which had already become almost a philological canon, was attacked by a younger scholar in an elaborate paper with an imposing array of citations. Gildersleeve made an impromptu reply and convincing defence. The younger scholar was perhaps the first to see that his strictures only proved the soundness of Gildersleeve's position. And when, not long after, further com-

ments appeared in a Johns Hopkins *Circular* the refutation was complete.

An incident of the next year's meeting will doubtless be better remembered by those who were present. It was at the University of Virginia, and a young man of unusual cleverness had attacked certain published conclusions of Professor Hale's. The paper seemed a bit cock-sure, if not arrogant. Professor Hale sat quiet at the conclusion, but the clever young scholar needed correction, and it was Gildersleeve who administered the castigation—all the severer because scrupulously polite and never abusive. I never knew any punishment quite so terrible. But the sequel showed that the young man was made of good stuff. Although already a Ph.D. of another institution, he went the next year to Johns Hopkins and studied under the man who had so mercilessly flayed him.

Once I unwittingly offered myself a tempting mark for his wit, and I am still grateful when I reflect how gently he let me off. In talking with him at Sewanee about grammatical work, I referred to *ὧς ἄν* in final clauses and the explanation that struck me one day, all of a sudden, at the blackboard, that the *ὧς* was really a relative adverb equal to "in what way," and so the clause might be explained as practically a condition and therefore entitled to the particle *ἄν*. I did not know at the time that this was one of his own discoveries. But it was clear to him that although I was ignorant I was innocent—else I should not have walked right into the lion's mouth—so he very gently referred me to the article where he had explained the construction years before.

Professor Gildersleeve's intimate letters always reveal the man. After his eightieth birthday he had to content himself at first with the printed card of "grateful acknowledgment of all that has been done to make the day a day of rejoicing to me and to mine." But six weeks later came a warm personal letter (December 3, 1911):—

You have done me so much honor by counting me among those who have influenced your professional life for good, by counting me your master, though you were never among my pupils, that I felt some compunction in sending

you a circular card instead of a personal letter; but after all those weeks I am just beginning to answer the more intimate among scores of congratulatory letters that came to me on the occasion of my eightieth birthday. I have never been busier as professor and editor than I am now, and my wife's long illness, from which she is only now emerging, has had much to do with the postponement of a pleasant duty. As time goes on and other schools develop, the numbers of those who come under my personal training diminish, and in the course of things it is not likely that I shall have much more to do in the teaching line—though while I am in it I hope that I shall never gain my own consent to do less than full work. My health is good and my interest lively—but 'at fourscore it is too late a week' to make far-reaching plans—and the time past must suffice as a justification for having lived—and if you who are among the elect souls of our calling think that I have helped others besides those of my own circle of students I am encouraged for what remains and cheered in the inevitable retrospect.

His response to my greeting on his eighty-first birthday provides a key to explain, in large part, the wonderful hold he had upon his disciples and friends:—

I am far too analytical for my own happiness and I cannot recognize in myself many of those fine qualities of head and heart with which I have been credited in late years. The praise which might have lifted me up in the first half of my career humiliates me now. I know that I have a fervent nature, a rather nimble wit and artistic sensitiveness, a certain power of expression—but there are many who have all these things—and such success as I have had in my allotted line of work has been due to the rarity of journalistic talent in our range of studies. One of my German critics has called me recently the Mark Twain of Greek syntax—and as Mark Twain is immensely popular in Germany I ought to be pleased with the tag. A French reviewer says that the poet is not dead in me, and I cannot help tracing that reference to Sainte-Beuve's memorable saying. Well, to quote my favorite verse of V. Hugo, *J'ai fait ce que j'ai pu; j'ai servi, j'ai vieilli.* *ἰκόμην ἔν ἰκόμην*, and if the world chooses to accept the estimates of my friends Charles Forster Smith and William M. Thornton, I am not the only one who has had more than

he has earned. I have had delight in my work and, as it seems, that delight has been contagious. I enjoy the acknowledgment when it comes from those who know that on the solemn verge of life I can honestly say that I never sought praise for the praise' sake. But there abides that which cannot be analyzed—and that is the chief thing, after all. Nearly all my pupils are my friends, and this love has been won by no arts of mine, for I have been a rather hard task-master and an unsparing critic. Still, they may have recognized the fact that I am that good in my heart, and they know that I set myself hard tasks and criticize myself unsparingly. Somehow my sphere of influence seems to have taken you in, and I am proud of the way in which you have upheld the standard of our common studies. Your published work has been more on literary lines than has mine. I have written reams of lectures and themes, but what I have written is now out of date. Still the literary spirit in me lives and I read with interest and profit what you put forth—as for instance your contribution to the volume of Columbia lectures, the latest thing I have seen from your pen. I am a very busy man and cannot always take time to acknowledge lesser things my friends send me, but whenever I read anything of yours I read it in the light of our love for one another. Of this love let the long letter I have written you be a testimony. Of the hundreds of letters I write every year there are few so long as this—few that carry with each line such affection and such confidence.

His hold upon his students always remained somewhat of a puzzle to him, and it is not to be explained by ordinary rules. Professor Scott says:—

His students felt no nearer to him than his readers, so that he stands in the same relation to thousands that he does to his students. He was always so fearful of having his time wasted that he hedged himself about with extreme aloofness. He constantly reiterated the fact that his time was his most sacred possession and that he had need to guard it. When he walked out of the room at the end of the hour he was not a part of us until the next day, and then only for that one hour. . . . Professor Gildersleeve is for his students exactly what he is for the world of scholars, for he was never more intimate with them than with others.

His next birthday response is upon this very theme and expresses his own pleased amazement at the homage which came to him unsought but in such welcome measure. October 26, 1913, he wrote me:—

Your letters always move me to grave thoughts and your congratulations, welcome, if not deserved in anything like the full measure dealt out by your warm heart, have prompted a process of introspection such as I naturally avoid. The love shown me by my pupils is a strange thing to me, because, outside of classroom and consultation room I have had little intercourse with them, and I reproach myself very often with not doing more for them socially, though I am sometimes able to help them in their professional careers. I am absorbed in my work to a fault, even though my heart goes out to them and I am, I may say honestly, grateful for their affection. It is like every good and perfect gift—from above. It is simply the overflow of my own enthusiasm, and you know how so many students regard the dreams and visions of their teachers as mere *deliramenta*. Well, I am glad to be assured that my enthusiasm has been contagious—but that also is no merit of mine. As Goethe says, '*Alles ist als wie geschenkt.*' That is the way the best things come, and among the best things I count the friendship you have shown me since first we met—a friendship that has been heartily reciprocated. My health is good and my work as an editor keeps me in constant touch with the present and suggests plans for a future which in the course of things cannot be long. I am trying to gather up my unpublished papers, but new aspects are constantly coming up—new aspects of old themes asserting themselves. My old age is not torpid, whatever else it is.

One good result of the congratulatory letters on his birthday was the personal reflections elicited, revealing his personality better than anything else could. The next year's birthday reply is particularly rich in this regard (October 25, 1914):—

I have been kept busy writing acknowledgments; and then there were letters from different parts of the country which could be dismissed in a few words. But some of these letters that came I put aside for repeated reading and more detailed answer—yours among them. I prize the love of my pupils and often wonder at it, because I am so jealous of my

time that I have little intercourse with most of them outside the classroom, and yet there is no mistake in the genuineness of their affectionate expressions—and I am happy to think that there must be an atmosphere of goodwill that pervades the home of our common studies, or in other moods I simply quote St. James' faulty hexameter. Now you were never a pupil of mine, though you honored my auditorium at Sewanee all those years ago. But I feel towards you as I feel towards only a few of the many who have followed my lectures, and I recognize the personal element in your estimate of my work and influence. In this 'narrow and funambulatory track of goodness,' as Sir Thomas Browne has it, I find it best not to look at the spectators. My ears are as capacious as Cicero's for praise—but I resolutely stop them, and chewing laurels upsets one's mental and moral digestion. I have figures, you see, that swear at each other, as they do in Brief Mention, to the disgust of my critics. Still the truth is there. Recognition came to me so late in life that I had time to observe how many men were spoiled by premature success. I read all the pleasant things that are said of me—sample the *süssigkeiten*, as Vahlen called them in a letter he wrote me not long before his death—and turn to my work. It is the only salvation for a man of my susceptible nature . . . but I appreciate and reciprocate all the affection that manifests itself in all that you write of me and to me—and I need it, for these are dark days with me. There was no festivity on my birthday. On the third of October I lost my son-in-law, Gardiner Lane. You doubtless know his name as the Treasurer of the Archæological Association. You may have seen some of the tributes paid to him in the press. Boston is in mourning for him. My poor daughter—they were devoted to each other—is left to face a world of problems without his strong support. Perhaps it is better for her that she has so much to do; and then there is the child—a charming girl of fifteen—for whom she will live. But the pity of it! Lane was one of the two strong stays of my old age. I looked to him as well as my son for the future of my wife when my time too should come—and now he is taken and I am left.

The next birthday response (October 25, 1915) adds a touch here and there to the picture he draws unconsciously of his inner self. I may say that by this time he has dropped the title and thereafter all letters begin as this one:—

Dear Charles Forster Smith: Your letters always set me thinking profoundly. They are always full of praise, full of love. The love I accept freely and return as freely. But the praise leads to heart-searchings, and heart-searchings take the form of *συντήρησις*, which is the Greek æsthetic equivalent of remorse. I am an honest nature—so far as it is given any one to be honest—and I feel that I have not deserved a tithe of all the handsome things that have been said about me as the anniversaries come round and remind some people that I still make a fair show of being alive. Certain qualifications for higher work I recognize in myself—quickness of wit, a keen sense of duty, love of my subject—but unless 'love is the fulfilling of the law,' I can't get the result out of the items—and if I have done all the good that has been attributed to me, if unwittingly I have served as a leader to those who are in the same line of work—I can only say with a reverence alien to my expression, not alien to my bringing up—it is a gift of God, or, to quote a favorite line of mine from Goethe, '*Alles ist als wie geschenkt.*' But a truce to analysis, which is fatal to that peace of mind I am cultivating in my old age. I rejoice in your good opinion of me and my work. I love to think of our first meeting, of the tide of goodwill that has come from you to me and of its refluxence.—You will be glad to know that I am in good health and in good spirits—barring this terrible war. I have organized my life so as not to miss my class work. I imagine that every day is a Saturday, a day on which I don't lecture. The mornings I spend in my study at home—chiefly in writing up things that I have had on my mind for a long time. The afternoons are taken up with work of the *Journal*, setting my house in order for the final break-up—*semper agens aliquid*—one is tempted to call it pottering—but it is something more. I have in hand a compendium of my syntactical views. I intend to resume work on Plato's *Symposium*. I expect to make a double extract of my olympiad of lectures—and so on. . . . Continue to have me in loving remembrance and I shall not quarrel further with your over-estimate of yours faithfully and affectionately,

B. L. G.

The birthday responses for the last few years were in the same general vein, but one notices an increasing personal warmth in them, as if the kind-hearted old man were drawing more closely to those of whose affection he was most sure. October 25, 1916, he wrote:—

I have kept your letter back to answer it more fully after I had despatched the various notes of congratulation and other evidences of interest in my birthday. I count you as one of my nearest friends, although—I will not be malicious enough to say because—you have not been one of my pupils. I am not the one to quarrel with your over-estimate of me and simply set it down to congeniality. Not that I am not aware that I possess certain endowments that distinguish me from the run of men in the same walk of life, but I have the defects of my qualities, and these have haunted me all my days; and then I have high ideals and have never been exposed to the unloveliness of vaunting. And now after a long life of honest endeavor—honors not a few and evidences of affection which I prize more than I do honor—I am not resting on my laurels. Resting on one's laurels, as I have expressed it somewhere, is apt to lead to chewing the same, and chewing laurels is bad for the spiritual digestion. . . . My teaching work stopped last year—but I am busy with book and pen. Brief Mention goes on—I have prepared one or two articles, and I have more ambitious things in hand—but serious investigation is out of the question. My library has been turned over to the University—which in its new site is practically inaccessible to me. I do not suffer. In fact, I am, to all appearances in fine health, but any considerable exertion tells, and I do not crave a spectacular exit. It may be spectacular in any case, but I do not intend to bring it about. Continue to love me, and be sure that your affection is returned and that my interest in your work will cease only with my interest in my own.

Next year he returns to the same train of reflection (October 27, 1917):—

Your letters always give rise to serious thought. They always prompt the disillusioning process of taking stock. . . . God has given me quick wit, a certain facility of language—but I am not infrequently ashamed when I think that I am perhaps imposing on the judgment of even such men as Charles Forster Smith by the fine show I have made. I dare not think too much of these things. My motto has been these sixty odd years, '*Durch Betrachten niemals, wohl aber durch Handeln,*' and so I turn my eyes from within and work on as best I may. But whatever the sum of my achievements, or my failings, for one thing I am grateful, and that is the native fervour of my temper has won me friendships

that I prize. I do not ask whether I have deserved all this affection. I accept it as a gift of God, and I never see your name without a silent response to all your kind words about me and my work.

The next letter showed, to a degree never evident before, marks of ill health and low spirits (October, 1918):—

Your congratulations on my anniversary and especially your felicitations on my health of mind and body show how little one's best friends—who live at a distance—know of the real state of things. The ancients were wise. The powers gave a brace of sorrows for one blessing, and in the last seven months of suffering which have left me cast down but not destroyed, I have often and earnestly prayed for my release from this too-solid flesh that would not let me go. From the eighteenth of March to the present day my life has been one of suffering and inexpressible weariness. My birthday was celebrated by a departure for the hospital, and I am gradually mending and hope now in a few weeks to gather up my shattered faculties—moral, physical, mental. Your letter cheers me on the way. Yours faithfully and affectionately, B. L. Gildersleeve.

A fitting conclusion to this tribute is furnished by the final words of an earlier letter (October 24, 1908):—

Well, I have had my reward, and I hope that all who love me—all that cherish my example, such as it has been—will follow on to have an old age like mine, which thus far—whatever else awaits me—has proved the best part of my life. You have struck a responsive chord by your kind words about my Pindar, and as you have recently read my edition you may recall the doubtful interpretation of O. 5, 52, *φέρειν γῆρας εὐθυμον ἐς τελευτάν*. The Scholiast combines *εὐθυμον* with *γῆρας*, and that is my combination now. Pray for me that, when the time comes for me that comes for all, the combination may be with *τελευτάν*.¹ Yours gratefully and affectionately, B. L. Gildersleeve.

CHARLES FORSTER SMITH.

The University of Wisconsin.

¹With the first interpretation the sense is "bear old age cheerfully to the end;" with the second, "bear old age to a cheerful end."

GIVE AND TAKE

(The old poet speaks)

Have you nothing to give me, O Earth,
Because I am old?
None of your music and mirth?
Only the dolour and dearth?
Still does the dream of your beauty unfold—
As in ages of gold—
And yet, you are old!

Have you nothing to give me, O Earth,
Because you are young?
None of your birth and rebirth—
None of your wonder and worth?
Still are your life-giving fountains outflung—
And your memories sung,
And still you are young!

Earth, I am younger than you!
I can give *you* the meed that is due!
Love—that is deeper than all your deep springs—
Thought—that is swifter than all your wind-wings—
Dreams—ah diviner than all you have known—
Life—how much longer than all that has flown!—
When you come to your place
With the dead worlds in space—
I—deathless—will sing you from star unto star,
And plead—ay, with tears!—where the Great Forces are,
For your birth and rebirth—
For I love you—O Earth!

KATHLEEN KNOX.

Belfast, Ireland.

THE ESCAPE OF MARIE DE MÉDICIS*

(1619)

At the outset of the year 1617 the fortunes of the powerful Duke of Epernon were anything but brilliant. He who had once enjoyed the most conspicuous court favor now felt himself endangered. The confidence which the Queen-Regent Marie de Médicis had reposed in him was now a thing of the past: she considered him a dangerous man. Her own great favorite, the Italian Concini, was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to deprive him of office and all emoluments, to throw him into prison, and perhaps to threaten his life. The other great lords were in similar plight, and their hatred for the Italian because of the millions which he had wheedled out of the queen-regent, was aggravated by a system of tale-bearing and espionage that had theretofore been unknown at the French court.

Concini thought that he could identify his enemies and hold them at bay. Yet among them there was one, more inveterate than all the others, whom he did not suspect; he saw him every day, face to face, and looked upon him with contempt. This enemy was the king himself. Day by day humiliation, anger, and at last hatred had grown in the haughty and imperious heart of the young Louis XIII. Few of our kings were more jealous of power, and we can imagine his resentment when the Italian attempted to restrict him to his amusements and his falcons. One day, when the king was short of money, Concini offered him out of his own pocket two thousand crowns. On April 24, 1617, Concini, then Maréchal D'Ancre, was assassinated on the drawbridge of the Louvre. All of Concini's creatures suffered with him; the chancellor Mangot was dismissed; the minister Barbin was arrested; and Richelieu, secretary of state, was exiled. On May 3 Marie de Médicis, the protector of Concini, left Paris, amid the jeers of the crowd, for Blois, to which place she had been exiled.

*M. Léo Mouton's article was contributed to the REVIEW in French, and has been translated by Dr. Sedley Lynch Ware and the Editor.

Upon the news of this palace revolution, the court, Paris, and all France were at first thunderstruck; then there was rejoicing everywhere. To the Duke of Epernon, who fully realized the fate that Concini had destined for him, the news of his death was a great relief.

Shortly afterwards the duke returned to Paris to pay his respects to the king and to M. de Luynes, the new favorite, and was disagreeably surprised to be less cordially received than he had expected. He had returned not only to ingratiate himself with the king, but also to solicit a cardinal's hat for his son, the Archbishop of Toulouse. The Bishop of Paris, however, M. de Retz, secured the cardinalate. Thereupon the duke showed such violent resentment that the king angrily ordered him to retire for a time to Metz, one of the royal administrative districts. The duke was slow in obeying, but, upon finding himself in danger of arrest, he became alarmed, threw himself on his horse, rode seventeen leagues without stopping, and then, unable to keep himself any longer in the saddle, sought sleep from sheer exhaustion. Several days later he arrived at Metz.

Shut up in his castle of Haute-Pierre, in far-off Lorraine, the Duke of Epernon, still a little uneasy, watched from afar the course of events, as well as the various actors in the drama of the twenty-fourth of April, a drama which at one stroke had made of a favorite a corpse, of a queen a prisoner, and of a child a king.

We have said that the queen had become a prisoner, and the term is none too strong. In her château at Blois Marie de Médicis was as strictly guarded and as badly treated as the meanest prisoner in the Bastille. Louis XIII was greatly offended, believing his mother responsible for the humiliations which the hated Italian had so long inflicted upon him. She had consoled herself with the belief that her banishment would soon be over, but when several months had passed without relief she began to grow uneasy and her *entourage* to complain. Her partisans in Paris, if not actually plotting in her behalf, were now violently agitating the cause of their former protectress.

A certain event at last brought her indignation to a climax: she learned that negotiations were on foot to unite her own daughter, Marie Christine of France, to Victor Amadeus, Prince of Piedmont, without her consent. Ornano had, indeed, been sent to ask for her approval, but she could easily see that everything had already been settled beforehand.

Louis XIII permitted all this, for he did not love his mother. True, he filled his letters to her with expressions of filial respect, but one feels how devoid they were of real affection. After all, this was a necessary result of his own bringing-up. Among the *grandeues* many now grew indignant because of the treatment accorded to the woman who only yesterday had governed the kingdom. The Dukes of Epéron, of Montmorency, of Bouillon, of Guise, of Bellegarde, and even the Duke of Montbazon, the father-in-law himself of the Duke of Luynes, openly expressed their disapproval of the rigorous imprisonment to which she had been subjected. Among the most outspoken supporters of the cause of Marie de Médicis was a certain abbé, Louis Ruccellai by name, very well known at court and in the city. He was son of Hannibal Ruccellai, a Florentine nobleman, business man, banker and partisan, whose fortune enabled the young abbé to live in great style. He had been one of the protégés of Concini; had even obtained in France the abbey of Signy, near Sedan; and Léonora Galigai, Concini's wife, had secured him a secretaryship under the queen-mother. The young Ruccellai was ambitious, restless, indiscreet, clever and cultivated; he lived magnificently and, it was said, prodigally. He was one of those persons whom no one finds really congenial, but whom everyone runs after and entertains. Among those who disapproved of the abbé the Duke of Epéron was the most conspicuous. One day at the fair at St. Germain the Abbé Ruccellai, in his haste to overtake and salute the Marquise d'Alluye, brushed against the Marquis of Rouillac—the Duke of Epéron's nephew—who was standing under a doorway. Shortly before this Ruccellai and Rouillac had had a bitter quarrel because of certain letters written by Madame d'Alluye to Rouillac which the lady wished Rouillac to return to her. Her desire being unheeded, Ruccellai had interested

himself and had caused the casket containing the letters as well as several rings to be stolen. Such was the origin of their mutual bitterness. When the abbé brushed against him, Rouillac, recognizing him, warded him off with his hand, saying: "Why do you push against me?" Then, lifting his stick, he brought it down several times on the back of the abbé.

Ruccellai made a great outcry, but not only his physical inferiority but also his clerical garb forbade him to resent the insult otherwise than by lodging a complaint against his antagonist. The court was much occupied with the affair, and Rouillac was generally blamed. The great provost came to Ruccellai's house to receive his complaint and Rouillac was compelled to do public penance and to endure a month's banishment. On the very day on which the assault took place the Prince de Joinville had conducted the abbé to the garden of the Feuillants, in which the king was walking, and had presented him to Louis XIII. This would have atoned for the insult, had not the Duke of Epernon, who was also there with several ladies, said, loudly enough to be heard: "Ruccellai was very impudent to bear his beaten back into the presence of such good company." The Duke of Epernon made for himself that day one more enemy, but that did not trouble him—he was used to it.

The abbé, although a former protégé of Concini, had managed to keep his place at court after the latter's death, and he used his position to encourage the queen to take vengeance on the new favorite and to escape from Blois. Luynes took harsher steps than ever. He had brought before the royal judges, Barbin, former minister, who had fallen with Concini. Richelieu, who was still Bishop of Luçon and a favorite of the queen, had been removed to Avignon. Ruccellai himself, who had gone several times to Blois, was compelled to retire to his abbey of Signy in Champagne, not far from Sedan and from the territory of the Duke of Bouillon. Although Richelieu had submitted with good grace to his punishment and remained at Avignon busying himself with study or with church work, Ruccellai bestirred himself to get an interview with the queen. He returned secretly to Blois, travelling at night in disguise, and succeeded several times in mysteriously reaching the queen's presence. What we

know of him does not justify us in ascribing this to the warmth of his devotion: it seems more likely that he was chiefly influenced by his natural love of intrigue and his desire to get the better of the Duke of Luynes, who had ruined his ambitious hopes when he caused his protector to be assassinated.

After numerous interviews with great personages friendly to the queen-mother, the abbé concluded that the Duke of Bouillon was the logical person to assist him. Should the queen decide to escape from Blois, the town of Sedan, because of its geographical position, seemed just the haven to receive her and, in case of danger, to permit her to slip over the frontier. Moreover, the city was easily defended and might readily obtain aid from abroad. In one of his secret interviews with the queen, Rucellai unfolded his plan. Although she had no confidence in him, she was so worn out that she agreed that he should sound the Duke of Bouillon.

Thus the abbé became the hero in a chapter of romantic adventures. This delicate being, who shrank from every draft and who came near swooning when it was too warm, plunged into the career of a conspirator,—a career which demanded prudence, enterprise, determination and perseverance. He now found it necessary to travel always alone, under the most varied disguises (often as a valet), by night, in rain or snow, and particularly during the severe winter months. Now that he had become so deeply involved, this chronic invalid had no time to indulge in sickness. In spite of all his precautions, however, his movements had finally attracted attention and he learned that pictures of himself had been distributed to royal officers, with instructions to arrest him if they caught him bound on one of his suspicious journeys.

Luynes had Marie de Médicis more closely watched than ever and, not satisfied with this, he called religion to his aid in the person of Father Arnoux, a Jesuit and the king's father-confessor. Arnoux was instructed to preach to the queen-mother the duty of complete submission and to make her believe that every disobedience on her part to the wishes of the king was a case for the confessional. The good father was desired to obtain her promise "before God and the angels" never to attempt to escape.

The queen gave every promise required of her, and then bent all her energies to realize her plans.

Meanwhile Ruccellai in great secrecy had succeeded in reaching Sedan and in obtaining an interview there with the Duke of Bouillon. The duke listened attentively to all he had to say, expressed his pity for the queen-mother, did not disapprove of his plans, but declined the proffered honor of becoming the chief conspirator. He said that his age and his health were alone a sufficient reason for declining; moreover, he was satisfied with his position, and maintained good relations at court. He was not, he said, the man they needed, but he pointed out a person whom he considered peculiarly well qualified to put the enterprise through. This was a man of mature age and wisdom, of robust health, who was not only exceptionally energetic, but was known to nurse a rancorous grudge against the Duke of Luynes. He was governor of a fortress strategically even better placed than Sedan for calling in foreign help if needed, and presided over two other royal districts in the centre of France, so situated as to furnish an admirable base of supplies for an expedition of this kind.

Ruccellai did not have to be told the name of the governor of Metz, Angoulême, and Loches, for the Duke of Epéron was known to all. The Duke of Bouillon added that the Duke of Epéron had with him his two sons, Bernard and Louis, who would prove powerful coadjutors, to say nothing of the Duke's immense fortune, which would smooth away many difficulties.

Although all this was true, yet Ruccellai was none the less discouraged, for if there was one man in France with whom he could not treat, it was the Duke of Epéron. His back still smarted under the blows of Rouillac's stick, and he still vividly recalled his own presentation to the king immediately after this public insult at the fair of St. Germain, when the duke had taken him to task in mocking tones for permitting himself to bring his cudgelled back into such distinguished company.

The abbé, therefore, sorrowfully left Bouillon, but soon pulled himself together, resolved to forget the caning, and to appeal to the Duke of Epéron, who, after all, united in himself all requisites for success. Remembering, however, his own re-

lations with one so quick to take offence, he gave up all thought of seeing him in person, especially on such a delicate matter as this, and made use of a certain Vincentio Ludovici, a former amanuensis of Concini and a man whom he had attached to his person after the death of the Maréchal d'Ancre. Vincentio set off for Metz, and on arriving there put up at the Moor's Head, whence he despatched a letter to M. Du Plessis, who was the Duke of Epernon's principal courtier and devoted henchman. The letter requested M. Du Plessis to come to the Moor's Head to see an old acquaintance. Du Plessis, becoming suspicious, sent Cadillac, an intelligent and trusty valet, with instructions to reconnoitre and bring back news concerning the author of the letter. Cadillac came to the Moor's Head, talked to Vincentio, discovered that he spoke French with an Italian accent, and went back to tell Du Plessis that it was a man whom he had never seen before. Word was brought to the Duke of Epernon, who considered it best that the mysterious traveller should be seen and sounded. Du Plessis therefore went in person to the Moor's Head, saw Vincentio, embraced him effusively in the lobby of the hotel so as to disarm any possible suspicion, and publicly asked him for news of his friends in the province of Saintonge, where Vincentio had never put his foot. The Italian entered perfectly into the ruse, giving many details of conversations and of messages sent by imaginary persons. As soon as they were out of earshot Ruccellai's emissary showed his hand. Immediately afterward Du Plessis set out for Haute-Pierre, the usual abode of the governor, and there told him all that he had learned from Vincentio.

The duke felt uncertain for a while, and summoned his two sons, the Marquis de La Valette and the Archbishop of Toulouse. If the queen-mother could be restored to her son's favor, that would mean the fall of Luynes and perhaps his own return to power, but if the project should fail it might spell his ruin and that of his family,—the dungeon or worse. D'Epernon hesitated, therefore, but Du Plessis, La Valette and the archbishop, fired at the thought of the great rôle which the duke was destined to play, pressed him to accept it. They decided that the duke should have an interview with Vincentio in the abbey of

St. Vincent, which belonged to the archbishop and was situated at Metz. The interview took place and Vincentio handed over to the duke a letter from the queen couched in these words:—

Dear Cousin: I beg you to put full trust in the fidelity of the man who will hand you this letter, and to believe all that he tells you, but I leave to your discretion whether you will answer through him, or through any other person who may seem good to you, the very humble request which he brings to you from me. I assure you that he will speak to you of nothing contrary to the interest of the king, my son, who some day will thank you for the assistance you will give me at this time. In doing so you will put me under the obligation of remaining the rest of my life your very well disposed cousin Marie. Dated at Blois, 18 July, 1618.

The duke felt that the queen was asking him many things that might be incompatible with the interests of the king. Marie's assurances referred to a letter of Louis XIII to his mother in which he expressed his desire to see her free, so free that she might always herself designate the place where she desired to live. She interpreted, or, rather, affected to interpret, this letter as an authorization to leave Blois when and how she wished. The duke still wavered: he knew that he would have to play for great stakes. He saw Vincentio again and again, and sent him back to Blois after a week's time with a carefully worded questionnaire concerning the allies upon whom the queen could certainly count, the number of great lords who would take up her cause, the army officers who would aid her, and the funds available. As yet Epernon would make no promises, save to bind himself to secrecy and to prudence.

A month later Vincentio again started for Metz, with the most reassuring answers from the queen; but when he came to the town of Troyes the whole conspiracy was nearly wrecked: he was recognized and reported as belonging to Ruccellai,—all that was needed to mark him for arrest. Now it so happened that he was carrying a letter of the queen-mother, specifying in detail the various agents whom she could trust, the sums of money at her disposal and her resources of every description, the enumeration of which she thought would secure the allegiance of the Duke of Epernon. Names like those of MM. de

Bouillon, de Guise, and de Montmorency were clearly written out. Vincentio had sewed this letter inside the lining of his clothes. The first thing that his captors did was to undress him and to begin ripping up the seams of his clothes. He felt that all was lost, but pulled himself together, and had the cunning to assume an indifferent air and a bantering manner. One by one the inspected garments fell to the ground; the place where the unfortunate letter was concealed was just about to be disclosed; the man who was ripping up his clothes had almost finished his task. There was only one seam that still held. At this moment Vincentio looked at the man with so nonchalant and mocking an air that he stopped short in despair of finding anything, and told him to don his clothes again. Without hurrying Vincentio put on his clothes with their open seams, and went his way.

This time the Duke of Epernon entered whole-heartedly into the undertaking, feeling the less compunction because the queen had sent him the original letter in which the king authorized his mother to travel freely about the kingdom and to choose any place of residence that she might desire.

Ruccellai was only waiting for this stage to return to the scene himself. He had no idea of leaving all the honor of the negotiations to an inferior such as Vincentio. He assumed his disguise again, therefore, and set out for Metz. About a league from the city he stopped at the little village of Pont à Moulines, and from there sent word to Cadillac, the valet of M. du Plessis, who had previously introduced Vincentio. When the Duke of Epernon heard that a new conspirator was asking to see Cadillac, he was greatly annoyed and opposed the idea of treating with him. Du Plessis, however, insisted that Cadillac be permitted to go to Pont à Moulines. When this faithful servitor had returned and had told him that the conspirator was none other than Ruccellai in person, the duke gave way to such anger that his companions believed he was going to break all his promises. He declared that this intriguing abbé was the last man to select in such a case; that he was an Italian without strength of mind or character, devoid of common-sense and of judgment, and, still worse, an enemy whom he had bitterly

offended. Du Plessis was forced to return to the abbé with this disheartening report.

It must be confessed that, if Ruccellai sometimes seemed wanting in dignity and stability, he did not lack boldness. After listening to the embarrassed explanations of Du Plessis he replied that if they thought to push the matter to a conclusion without his aid they should proceed to do so; but that he wished to remind them that it was he who was the queen's secret intermediary and that Vincentio was only an underling who had brought back to his master all the details that had been talked over and decided upon with the Duke of Epéron. In those days, when a man knew so much about a conspiracy, he was either admitted among the conspirators or was put to death to make sure that he would divulge nothing. Hence Ruccellai's replies exposed him to some danger. He even hinted that if the duke went too far in his contemptuous treatment of him, he now possessed the means of avenging himself.

Hereupon the duke gave way and consented to see the emissary of the queen. The abbé was introduced into Metz, entering the town by night and in disguise. He was lodged in the castle of Haute-Pierre and for a month did not leave it. The duke, his sons and Du Plessis passed whole hours with him arranging and noting with the utmost care every detail of this enterprise, the results of which might be so far-reaching for them, either for good or for bad.

The duke was so well served by Cadillac that all these mysterious movements had created the belief among the officers and valets of Haute-Pierre that there was some woman at the bottom of it all, and that the duke desired to keep the matter secret.

While they were conferring letters came from the queen. She was uneasy at receiving no news and asked how they were progressing and what should be her line of conduct. Thus the affair developed; and it seems no little astonishing that a man of sixty-four, such as the Duke of Epéron, in so high a position, could have been induced to enter into so dangerous an adventure,—an adventure in which he risked his head, his fortune and that of his children and of his numerous dependents.

If one searches for motives one is still baffled. The best the duke could hope for, even if he were completely successful, was to reinstate himself in the favor of a princess whose inconstancy and fickleness he had already experienced,—a poor enough consummation after risking so much. After all our probing we find nothing of greater significance at the bottom of it all than that incurable spirit of intrigue which we have already discovered in Ruccellai and which characterizes the court nobility of that period.

As soon as the duke had decided to go through with the adventure, the first thing he did was to request permission from the king to leave Metz and to go to his administrative district of Angoumois, Aunis and Saintonge, from which he had been absent for fifteen months and where his affairs required his personal attention. The king at first refused, but as the duke pressed his cause, he was told that he would be permitted to leave later. The king and court did not openly express their suspicion of Epernon, but were still unfavorably disposed toward him because of the Barbin affair, and they preferred to see governors and other grandees remain at court, or stick to their administrative districts, rather than have them travel to and fro. Under these circumstances Epernon resolved to set out without permission, and in order to lull their suspicions, wrote another letter begging that he be allowed to leave earlier, so as to imply that he would wait for the answer. Meanwhile, on Monday, January 22, 1619, before daybreak, he took horse with fifty gentlemen, each armed with two pistols and with a carbine slung over his shoulder. Forty guards followed, armed each with two pistols and with their muskets; then came the *officiers de bouche* and a few valets, on horseback; and finally some fifteen pack-mules carrying baggage brought up the rear. All had been so carefully planned that at first wayfarers noticed nothing. No one had been forewarned earlier than the previous evening. The duke, his sons, Du Plessis and Ruccellai were alone in the secret. As soon as the duke had left the city (and he was the last to leave) the gate was shut, and for three days no traveller or courier was permitted under any circumstances to leave Metz to carry the news to Paris. To make matters doubly sure,

even the road from Metz to Paris was patrolled by squadrons of the duke's cavalry with orders to arrest anyone journeying toward the capital. The Marquis of La Valette, the second son of the Duke of Epemon, remained at Metz to execute these orders. As for the Archbishop of Toulouse, his third son, he had left a week previously to make the necessary arrangements at Angoulême and to assemble several hundred noblemen.

At the time of the duke's departure, Ruccellai, who formed part of the duke's *entourage*, and bore an assumed name, sent forward a page called Lorme, whom he had himself trained and in whom he had complete confidence. This young man bore a letter of the most vital importance addressed to the Count of Braine, first equerry of the queen, announcing the departure of the Duke of Epemon, his itinerary and the day on which he wished to be met. As for the queen, she was to hold herself ready to leave at the first signal. It was now only a question of days. The page had instructions to go to Confolens from Blois, where he was to find the Archbishop of Toulouse, and from Confolens to Angoulême, to which place he had other instructions to carry. Young Lorme left hurriedly and was soon lost to sight on the Blois road. At a certain distance from Metz, however, he turned to his right, and, journeying rapidly by cross-roads, reached the highway to Paris. Lorme had determined to betray the duke. Without being in his master's secret, he could not help noticing the mysterious movements of the abbé during several months. It may be, too, that he had overheard some bit of conversation. In any case, he guessed at the importance of the message he was carrying, and quickly decided to go to Paris and sell the secret as dearly as possible to the Duke of Luynes.

As soon as he had arrived in the capital, he hastened to the residence of the king's new favorite and sent the cynical message that he came to sell a great secret at a high price. Every day the Duke of Luynes was pestered by sharpers with similar proposals. He sent word to Lorme that he had no time to see him and desired him to return later. Lorme was kept waiting three whole days. He was beginning to chafe under

this neglect when, as luck would have it, he met near the duke's palace an acquaintance, a valet of the Councillor Du Buisson. When the valet returned to his master, he told him that he had seen Lorme, the page of Ruccellai, near the Luynes mansion. M. Du Buisson started up in astonishment. Although he had no inkling of the conspiracy, he was a loyal friend of the queen-mother. Immediately a suspicion flashed through his mind. He called back his valet and told him that he must find Lorme at any cost. This was not an easy thing to do, but the valet began his search, going through all the taverns and hostelries until at last he was fortunate enough to find the page. M. Du Buisson had the treacherous youth skilfully sounded, and, on ascertaining the object of his visit to Paris, sent to him a pretended messenger from the Duke of Luynes. Without hesitation Lorme pulled out his letters; the pseudo-agent of the Duke counted out five hundred crowns, and the delighted page handed over the letters and disappeared. A few minutes later they were all in the hands of M. Du Buisson, who took good care to send them on to Blois by a more faithful messenger than Lorme had proved to be.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Epernon's few followers were riding along the roads made miry by winter rains. They avoided popular centres like Dijon, travelling as rapidly as they could. Happily the rain had now ceased. Good weather set in and all the fords, which had been carefully inspected before, proved passable. Although hampered by their pack-mules, the duke's party managed to cover at least nine or ten leagues daily, at any rate until they reached the river Loire, which they forded between Decize and Roanne. Shortly before reaching the river, some of his men came to the duke in great consternation to announce that they had seen in the distance two heavy squadrons of cavalry. They believed that these were the king's troopers, who intended to bar their way. The duke hesitated only a moment,—then, assuming a light-hearted tone, he replied: "Gentlemen, we have come too far now to turn back, we must pass on or die where we are." With these words he sent out scouts to reconnoitre. Fortunately the squadrons turned out to

be the followers of two noblemen, who had quarrelled over a house, and who had assembled their respective followers to seize it by force.

Shortly afterwards the duke came to the river Allier at Vichy bridge and at last reached a place of safety. From here he took time to write to the king a letter dated February 7, in which he announced his departure from Metz. His Majesty, he wrote, had indeed forbidden him to leave Metz, but he did not believe that his action was contrary to the orders of His Majesty. "I believe that the laws of this kingdom and the privilege of my birth permitted me to avail myself of the rights of French subjects." He was convinced that that was the true interpretation to be put on the king's letter, since he was acting in the interest of his private business. All was calm at Metz, and his presence was not needed there except to pass over the frontier some merchandise coming from Germany—which his subordinates were perfectly capable of doing. On the other hand, his own presence at Angoulême was indispensable. Then, as was his habit, he ended with a long dissertation on his loyalty, and wound up with a characteristic eulogy of himself.

When he had sent off this letter, he pursued his journey with somewhat less haste, reaching Confolens twenty days after he had left Metz. There he met his son Louis, the Archbishop of Toulouse, accompanied by M. d'Ambleville, lieutenant of the king in the province of Angoumois. After the customary greetings and embracings, the duke asked his son whether Lorme, the page of Ruccellai, had brought news of the queen-mother when he had handed over his letters. But the archbishop had seen nothing of Lorme. The duke was seized with fear. What had become of the page with his letter? Why, too, had the queen, whom Lorme was instructed to warn, written to no one? The letters despatched by the page of Ruccellai had informed her of the presence of the Archbishop of Toulouse at Confolens.

They were still engaged with their doubts and fears when Cadillac came to find his master, M. Du Plessis, and told him of a ridiculous rumor to the effect that the Duke of Epemon had come all the way from Metz to take the queen-mother back from Blois to his provinces. We must not forget that Cadillac, like

his companions, knew nothing of the real intentions of the duke, although he had been associated in the very beginning with these mysterious movements.

Du Plessis shrugged his shoulders, but when Cadillac left him, he was seized with a new anxiety and quickly communicated the rumor to Ruccellai and the duke. All three were troubled. No one of their household knew the secret. Who could have betrayed them? Things were rapidly approaching a crisis. Du Plessis, who hesitated at nothing, resolved to go himself to Blois and discover the true reason of the queen's mysterious silence. At nightfall he mounted his horse, galloped all night long, and stopped at Loches. The governor of the place, M. de La Hillière, although directly under the orders of the Duke of Epéron, was struck dumb with fear when Du Plessis, who had now burned his bridges and made no attempt at concealment, told him what he proposed to do. At first it was impossible to induce M. de La Hillière to lend his aid to the whole intrigue, yet Loches was destined to be the first hiding-place of the royal fugitive. It was to Loches that the Archbishop of Toulouse was to come with a company of noblemen he had raised at Angoulême. Du Plessis could not override M. de La Hillière's scruples, so resigned himself to send to Blois in his own stead the faithful Cadillac, whom he had now fully acquainted with the matter and to whom he gave appropriate credentials. Cadillac came to Blois, saw the Count of Braine, and that very evening had a secret interview with the queen. It was agreed that M. Du Plessis should come in person to a suburb of Blois and put up at the inn called the Little Moor, at which place the queen would communicate with him.

Taking horse immediately afterward, Cadillac galloped back to Loches to find his master. He found him much sooner than he had hoped, at the village of Montils, the first post-station beyond Blois. As La Hillière had at last joined the conspirators, Du Plessis in person was hastening to Blois. Du Plessis was still unnerved because of a recent meeting with one of his court friends, M. Du Maine, bearer of a letter of the Duke of Luynes to the Duke of Epéron, in which the king's favorite, making the best of a bad matter, simply condemned

Epernon for leaving without permission. Du Plessis feared that M. Du Maine might grow suspicious on seeing him approach so near Blois, and might turn back and give the news to M. de Luynes, who would then have time to break up the whole conspiracy. Even while he was chatting amicably with his friend, Du Plessis was considering whether or not to kill him then and there, but decided against doing so. The unsuspecting Du Maine begged to be informed of the Duke of Epernon's whereabouts, and continued on his way toward Confolens.

As soon as he had arrived at the sign of the Little Moor, Du Plessis sent word to the Count of Braine's butler, who came at twilight and conducted him to the château. That evening he was secretly introduced into the queen's presence. The conversation ran on the still unaccountable disappearance of Lorme and his letter. The queen said that she had had no news of it. Then Du Plessis told her of the elaborate plans and of the expedition of the Duke of Epernon, who for several days, he explained, had been waiting in a village without knowing just what to do. He added that haste was imperative; that already many rumors were afloat; and that any day, the court, which was no longer ignorant of the duke's departure, might take measures which would bring all their arrangements to naught. The queen made up her mind to leave the very next day. Chanteloube, a loyal servant, being absent, she decided to confide her person to the Count of Braine. Someone was sent to awake him immediately and Du Plessis spent part of the night in going over with him the details of the escape. It was decided that the queen was not to leave by the door, for the door-keepers were in the pay of the Duke of Luynes. She must resign herself to leave by the window. This decision involved the questions of ladders, of horses, of a coach, and of the place and time at which the last-named would be in waiting. On leaving M. de Braine, M. Du Plessis sent Cadillac to the Archbishop of Toulouse, who had probably by then reached Loches, to inform him that the queen's escape was planned for the following night, and that he should post himself at Montrichard, midway between Blois and Loches, to which place the queen would certainly go to find him.

Having made all his arrangements, M. Du Plessis rehearsed them one by one in his mind. He had provided for everything. He was living through those trying hours which precede an important crisis. He drew back into the cabinet-chamber of the queen, locked himself in and waited.

The city of Blois is built on very uneven ground. There are streets with such steep grades that carriages can scarcely climb them. The castle rises at the farther end of a ridge, terminating in a steep cliff. Accordingly, certain rooms on the second floor or even on the ground floor opening on the courtyard, give out (at one end) upon a high precipice.

On the side of the precipice the façade of the château forms part of the rampart and dominates the surrounding country. The apartments of Marie de Médicis looked out in this direction, and her windows opened at fifty or sixty feet above the foot of the declivity. Had curious passers-by not been prevented by the lay of the ground from looking in, they might have noticed that during the nights of February 21 and 22, 1619, no lights were extinguished on this side of the castle. Unusual movements might have attracted attention had not the closed windows and the lofty façade of the castle concealed all. The queen-mother was the centre of great agitation. At the last moment she had chosen those of her attendants who were to accompany her, but she did not tell them everything, nor did she mention the Duke of Epemon. They were all nervous and talked excitedly while making their preparations. Among them was the Count of Braine, two of his military police, La Mazure and Merçay, and Catherine, one of the queen's devoted Italian maids. All felt that the adventure was extremely dangerous. That very day a letter had arrived which threw them into consternation,—the letter of Councillor Du Buisson, enclosed with the documents of Ruccellai, which, as we know, had nearly resulted in betrayal through the treachery of the page Lorme.

Lorme's conduct made them dread similar treacheries. They feared that the secret had not been carefully kept. The queen alone smiled and retained her self-possession. She had an almost unbelievable passion for jewels and precious stones, one of the

reasons for the discord between her and her royal spouse having been the rather large debts she had contracted in order to buy them. Her chief preparations for leaving consisted in collecting into a casket her rings, precious stones and jewels. The difficult terrain and the circumstances of the escape did not, indeed, permit the carriage of trunks or of much finery. With his customary coolness, Du Plessis kept up their spirits. The ladders had been placed, one of them reaching from the terrace to the window, while, a little farther on, a second ladder led from the terrace to the foot of the declivity, placed where the ground had caved in. It was thus possible to reach the level ground, whence it was necessary only to gain the bridge and pass through the suburb.

It was well past midnight when light taps on the window aroused the sleepers. "Who is there?" "The man from Floze," came the answer. The window was hurriedly opened. Floze was the name agreed upon, serving as a passport for the faithful Cadillac, who had left Loches at eight in the evening and had come to announce that the archbishop had posted himself at Montrichard with about forty horsemen, fifteen or sixteen of whom had advanced to receive the queen.

As for the Duke of Epernon, he was waiting in person at Loches with nearly three hundred noblemen. When the queen's followers heard his name all hesitation vanished and each felt cheered and reassured. When all was ready the queen gave the signal. Laughingly she gathered up her skirts to climb out of the window. The Count of Braine had preceded her and gave her his hand. Du Plessis followed, climbing down to assist her if necessary. Finally, after Du Plessis came Catherine and the two military police officers, La Mazure and Merçay.

The descent was not without its difficulties, as the queen was heavy and by no means nimble, and, moreover, would trust none but herself with her jewel-casket. She affected to go down the ladder as though it were a staircase, turning her back to it, for we learn from Arnauld d'Andilly, who describes the scene, that near the foot of the ladder she slipped and bruised her back and let her casket fall. She had now reached the platform on a level with the inside court of the castle and had still to

descend the second ladder to reach the street of the suburb. Upon seeing the second ladder she refused to use it. She ordered a folded cloak, seated herself upon it and let herself slide down on the loose earth of the embankment. Each of her followers did likewise, then the ladders were hidden and all set off down the street. Du Plessis took the queen by one arm, Braine by the other, and they made for the bridge. It had been agreed that they should walk over the bridge and that the coach with its six horses should wait for them on the other side, together with the coachman, two footmen and the equerry of the Count of Braine. On the way she encountered two officers of her own household, who, upon seeing at such a time of night a hussy so well escorted, mistook her for a woman of the streets, and called out some coarse joke to her. The queen laughed and said: "They take me for a *bona roba*." A little farther on two men were busy throwing refuse from the bridge into the river, one of whom recognized her and wished her *bon voyage*. They hurried on with beating hearts, and at last arrived at the point where the coach should have been waiting. There was no coach in sight. After an anguished silence the queen looked at Du Plessis and Braine. Was she betrayed? They knew not what to think, and regarded the domestics suspiciously, while in turn the domestics looked at one another and at Du Plessis and Braine. At last a shadow came out of an alley: it was one of the valets who came to reconnoitre and to guide them to the coach, which the coachman had concealed in the alley-way by way of precaution. With a gasp of relief they ran towards the coach and in tumultuous haste pushed the queen inside as well as Catherine, Du Plessis and the Count of Braine. Then they hastily threw in the few clothes and boxes they had been able to bring. The others mounted their horses and started on their way. They were in great haste to get away from the spot, but the heavy vehicle had scarcely rolled two hundred steps when it stopped short. The queen had lost her famous casket with all her jewels and precious stones, which were worth over one hundred thousand crowns. Someone ran back quickly to the alley where the coach had been standing. There was the casket lying on the ground.

It was brought back in haste. This was the last incident of this exciting departure.

As soon as they were out of the suburbs the torches were lit, the six horses were lashed into a rapid trot, and the fugitives were carried away toward Montrichard, which is a good seven leagues from Blois. The heavy coach rolled rapidly along, while the two military police officers and the two valets galloped ahead and behind, respectively. They had left at one o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Montrichard about three o'clock; but before they reached the little town, a troop of horsemen came forward and identified themselves. It was the first post of the advance guard sent by the Archbishop of Toulouse. By a refinement of gallantry Ruccellai commanded it in person. He lost no time in making his obeisances, but promptly faced right about and, pushing his horse to a trot, escorted the coach as far as Montrichard. Here it was the turn of the archbishop to come and kiss the queen's hand and to present his homage. The horses were changed immediately, and everybody left at once for Loches, but this time the queen had a more imposing escort.

It was still black night when they approached the town. At the village of Liège, the last post-station, they met a heavy squadron of cavalry waiting by the roadside. It was the Duke of Epernon himself, with one hundred and fifty horsemen. He dismounted; the queen attempted to leave her carriage, but he advanced toward her, bowed to the ground, kissed respectfully the hem of her dress, and then, straightening up in his great spurred boots, still holding his imposing plumed hat in his hand, he took a step backward and regarded the queen. She regarded him. Both burst out laughing and the first thing they said to each other was that it was better to be there than at Amboise, a reference to the queen's previous fear of internment there.

The duke was about to mount his horse again, but the queen would not have it so, and commanded him to enter the coach. Until the end of the journey at Loches, each pledged to the other undying loyalty and gratitude, and made promises of mutual protection no matter what might happen. It was then for the

first time that the duke learned of the treason of Lorme and of the incidents of the escape from Blois castle, an escape which, despite all obstacles, had been so completely successful.

During the development of this conspiracy, first at Metz and then at Blois, events were taking place at the court also. Not to speak of ordinary festivities, arrangements were on foot for the marriage of the young princess Marie Christine of France to Victor-Amadeus of Savoy. We have already spoken of this marriage and of the queen-mother's humiliation on account of it, for its celebration had taken place in Paris on February 10 in her absence. At the very moment that Marie de Médicis had regained her freedom, the King, Luynes, and the Prince of Piedmont, Victor-Amadeus, were at St. Germain on a hunting party.

On February 24 a courier from Loches brought to the king a letter from his mother. She announced her escape as an accomplished fact and communicated her intention to retire to Angoulême. Accompanying the queen's letter was one from the Duke of Epemon himself.

Sire, [he wrote] immediately after arriving in this city, the queen, the mother of Your Majesty, commanded me to receive her here, in order to escort her to Angoulême, as I believe she has made clear to Your Majesty in her letter, as well as the motive that induced her to take this resolution. Under these circumstances I believed that I could not refuse her request, without gravely failing in my duty both to Your Majesty and to her.

Following his invariable custom, he wound up with protestations of his devotion and with self-accorded praise for his own fidelity and loyalty to the king.

In this document, as in all the letters of these great lords who had revolted, irony and cynicism battled for the mastery. Small wonder, then, that the bearer was not welcomed. The king at once broke up his hunting party. The court returned to Paris, and messengers were sent in all directions, some to carry the news, others to give the king's orders. Every royal governor was warned to be on the lookout and to watch all suspected

persons. The king's judges were called to the Louvre, and sent a delegation to obtain full particulars. The Spanish Ambassador took a very gloomy view, writing on February 26 to Philip III that everyone seemed to fear civil war, because the Duke of Epernon was too much of a personage to have acted without consideration of the consequences. After the first amazement had passed the feeling at the Louvre became one of restless anticipation. The king's reply to his mother was not despatched until March 12. It was menacing in tone:—

I shall avenge this insult with such rigor that those who hope to cover their deeds with the mantle of your name will suffer most severely.

These words were meant for the Duke of Epernon.

While the letters of the queen and of her protector met with this reply, the fugitives themselves had lost no time at Loches and had left the town after only one day's rest, to pursue their journey to Angoulême. The brilliant escort of noblemen preceded or followed the coach of the queen, and the Duke of Epernon on a superb Spanish charger rode by her side. "Zounds, Madame," said he, "if Your Majesty had given me up, as my enemies once tried to persuade you to do, I could not to-day be rendering you this service."

On Sunday, March 3, they entered Angoulême. The queen at once despatched numerous letters to all whom she believed her friends. At court the agitation was long in dying down and the affair led to protracted negotiations. At last, after much parleying, an agreement was drawn up and was signed on April 30. The queen-mother took a more determined tone than her followers might have hoped, and her loyal servant, the Duke of Epernon, was not sacrificed, but remained unmolested in his fortress at Angoulême.

LÉO MOUTON.

Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, France.

MORE ABOUT TRUTH

Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?—AREOPAGITICA.

Et c'est ce que, moi, je ne pense pas, dit M. Bergeret. Je pense tout au contraire que la vérité est le plus souvent exposée à périr obscurément sous le mépris ou l'injure.

—L'ANNEAU D'AMÉTHYSTE.

Pilate, of course, never got so far as this; and I doubt if Bacon did either. My Lord Chancellor saw clearly enough that for most of us tinsel is more than gold, and he recorded the fact of observation that without some practical alloy truth is a poor thing in this world. In a certain sense his whole work was a search, or rather an investigation of the scientific instruments for a genuine search, after truth. In his famous Four Idols he exposed the fallacies that "inwardly infect and corrupt" the understanding. But what differentiates his attitude from that of M. Bergeret is his lack of passionate enthusiasm. Bacon analyzed life in the spirit of a scientific investigation. Men were to him as birds to the ornithologist or stars to the astronomer. He examined even the moral nature of man with the same detachment as a chemist examining a specimen. It is indeed this impassiveness of his which permitted him to go so far as he did in the path of error and dishonor. To him an error of conduct was much like an error in multiplication; hardly more. A tremendous brain, one might say, without a soul. He had only one passion, one great dream, that followed him from his first studies at Cambridge to his last days at Verulam House, a devotion to which he was frequently inconstant, but always deserted with a touch of melancholy and returned to with a glow of satisfaction—his attempt to reorganize the natural science of his day. "The glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate" was his aim, but he succeeded in being only a bridge between the decaying mediæval system and the nascent modern. As a prophet he has had a little more honor than is rightly his due, for his mental habits,

his methods of argument, his Renaissance fine flourishes of phrase, his whole intellectual atmosphere, were (more than he himself was aware of) characteristic of the old and not of the new. But his dream amounted to a vision, his hopefulness turned into prophecy, and he pointed to the way that he could not blaze. In this one special sense, then, Bacon showed a fine enthusiasm for truth; but it was that of a poet singing to the stars.

But Milton . . . *there* was a poet, with a divine consuming passion for truth, and also a man who in his own way, as Bacon in his, wandered in the search; who strove to justify God and failed because his God was only a glorified Milton, a Puritanic God, who knew no laughter and very little joy beyond adulation. His Truth was greater and nobler than Bacon's, but a Miltonic Truth nevertheless, ideal and poetic in his moments of exaltation, in his fiery dreams, but conditioned by the desires and prejudices of John Milton when she walked upon the soil of England.

This is our cross: that we know no truth outside ourselves. And what are we in our pride and our humiliation, that we should mould Truth in our own image? There is a superficial approximation that tempts us: the comparative accuracy of facts. The human mind is a wonderful instrument, and yet, marvellous as it is, it is too imperfect to cope with even static inanimate objects. It achieves great things in measuring stellar spaces, in discerning the functional life of plants, in contriving machines that imitate intelligence, even in registering the mechanical processes of human feeling. Yet these, and so many more, are but details, gropings into the vast complexity of the things that surround us. Fine as they are in themselves and at their best, they have the familiar paradox written across them, of getting the facts right and the truth wrong. "For the mind of man is far from the nature of a clear and equal glass," says our Lord Chancellor, "wherein the beams of things should reflect according to their true incidence; nay, it is rather like an enchanted glass, full of superstition and imposture, if it be not delivered and reduced." Much in the way of deliver-

ance and reduction has been accomplished in the last three centuries; much remains to be done. When it is highly developed and the circumstances are favorable, this mind of ours performs miracles; but sometimes it plays the charlatan. It takes refuge in speculation, it makes fine gestures, it declaims, it even surrenders. For everyday purposes and for amusement it is finely adequate; in emergencies it often deceives us; and in the great crises, such as the quest of Truth, it becomes clouded and futile.

Let us be cheerful, however, in our distress. We cannot know Truth, or see Truth, or find Truth. And no doubt it is better so. M. Bergeret's observation is a corollary of this; for not only are Truth and the human mind incommensurable, unintelligible to each other, but Truth and human life are incompatible. Suppose for a moment that we should suddenly come into the sublime, austere presence. Suppose the dismembered body should be restored and Truth should once again come into the world "a perfect shape most glorious to look on". . . Our whole life is built upon practices which are, to be sure, untested, but are theoretically subject to being tested at any instant. Our ethical system is but a working hypothesis, sufficient for ordinary times and for ordinary men, because these times and these men—all of us—have made it: a piece of evolutionary adaptation. But once step outside the circle, and the absurdity is manifest. If Truth should come among us our system would fall apart and we should all be stifled in the débris. One day of strict 'telling the truth', so far as we are able, would well nigh wreck our whole society. If the bank-president, the lawyer, the doctor, the shop-keeper, the husband, the lover—to name these only—should for twenty-four hours endeavor sedulously to 'tell the truth', where would it end? One may amuse oneself by following this prescription into its varied details among one's own friends; and conjure up the surprises, the agonies, the explosions of laughter and of chagrin that would result. What a fantastic tragi-comedy it would make,—*One Day of Truth!* M. Bergeret played a little with the idea, seriously, and nearly made his point, that Truth in our midst

would be greeted with insult and scorn, even as "her divine Master" was, some centuries ago. No,—we should not be too melancholy over the absence of Truth.

For those who are unsteadied by contemplation of this remote abstraction, Faith often supplies an adequate substitute. But no one should risk confounding the two. They are opposites, Truth and Faith, though they sometimes lead to the same end. Indeed, when the search for Truth leads to an abyss, Faith may carry one across; not, however, as a continuation of the search, but as an exchange of one purpose for another. Willing self-deception may easily edge us over into believing them sisters; but they are not.

Like Faith, Truth makes a beautiful allegorical figure, as in Milton's famous paragraph; Truth itself is more satisfying as a decorative abstraction than as a practical fellow-worker. And from this quarter also we come to the same conclusion. Art is usually regarded as an imitation or an interpretation of life. But this is either a truism or an absurdity. Aristotle's dictum is, of course, entirely sound if not misunderstood, for it states the obvious. Arnold's revision, limited by him to poetry, but clearly extensible to all art, is hardly more than a restatement, for by mimesis Aristotle must have meant a copy which explains, not one which merely records. But it is obvious that any record which has passed through the human mind is perforce an interpretation. It may be feeble or false, but it is that human mind's interpretation. Arnold, however, intended us to read a moral element into the word, just as he read solemnity into his "high seriousness"—which certainly is wrong. The true relation between art and life is that they are each the resultant of the same energies; art is a specialized form of these energies, or rather, a selection of them turned in a special direction. It is not a commentary on life, but a realization of life, a transformation through its own media into a finer product, of the forces which the conditions of mere living tend to and actually do rob of their best effects. From the point of view of high art nature is usually wrong, human nature always. Accordingly, since absolute truth belongs in this transcendent

sphere of art, there is no cynicism and no paradox in saying that Truth is no part of life. Life raised to the level of Truth becomes Art.

To Milton's enthusiastic question—Who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?—it is an easy but superficial reply that Truth never has the advantage of a free and open encounter. Error, or falsehood, or whatever Milton had in mind as the opponent of Truth, does not fight that way. Let us rather agree with M. Bergeret again that in the rough-and-tumble of life Truth has no chance, for she has not the weapons with which to defend herself. Milton faced this dilemma in another form when he set the two parties of Heaven warring against each other. Both sides were practically invulnerable. Certainly, however, Truth is not likely to perish, for she is also invulnerable: we have no weapons to hurt her, and she none to conquer us.

Or if you object that Milton was a poet and a Puritan (I would gloss it: 'Puritan of a sort') and that M. Bergeret, that is, Anatole France, is a Frenchman and an ironist, the one aflame with the divine fire he has himself brought from the altar of the Most High, the other consumed by an inner fire which is too slight to break forth into flame and too subtle to be hidden or subdued, I submit another piece of evidence, now from one of the heartiest, bravest, and most wholesome of men, who lived joyfully and suffered gaily, innocent of subtlety and unbetrayed by mere fervor.

What a strange scene if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide, and show us the state of people's minds!

'No eyes the rocks discover
Which lurk beneath the deep.'

Life could not be endured were it seen in reality.

This, wrung from Walter Scott, the romanticist, the Border balladist, is sound middle-of-the-road testimony, for it comes from a man who loved life and saw it in the large, who never dabbled in sophistications, and yet who looked deep enough to see the black earth that nourishes the flowers. Finally (for

I would not multiply illustration needlessly), here is a phrasing of the judgment the more interesting because it appears as an aside in a work of erudition on popular balladry:—

Day in, day out, it is pleasanter to keep the screen of comedy before us, to take the curtain for the play; but to every man come times when he desires to see the thing as it is, and what he sees is tragedy.

Such, in a word, is the conclusion of nearly all who have faced life fearlessly, who have looked into the whited sepulchre. Many can look without quailing, and see Truth with a philosophical calm; many are turned to pessimism and cynicism; many go by without seeming to know. Among the philosophers and among the poets you will find all phases of the recognition, but more clearly among the poets, since the philosophers are too often caught in their own toils of thought and theory. All metaphysics is a tacit acceptance of it: things being as they are, we must go beyond; and so is all religion.

“... What he sees is tragedy.” But not always, either. For there is still another version of the story. Is not every tragedy a perverted comedy? Stand back out of reach of the playwright's skill and the players' sympathetic presentation, and are any human beings more ridiculous than Hamlet and Othello and Macbeth, than Hercules and *Œdipus*? There is no comedy possible without detachment, no tragedy without sympathy. For man himself is such a poor being that you must laugh at his very sorrows unless you take them to heart; and how can you laugh at his joys if you but for a moment regard them seriously? This accounts, too, for the perilous thin line between tragedy on the stage and laughter in the audience. Let the beard of Lear slip loose at the most poignant crisis, when, say, he utters his—

Never, never, never, never, never!—

and someone will laugh. He will laugh, not because he is a boor, but because the illusion is gone, the spell is snapped, and he is at that instant detached from the story that is being enacted, and is thrown suddenly back into the absurd world of footlights

and painted scenery. When you stand aside from life you must laugh, for life is a ludicrous affair; but when you mingle with it and it touches you, you must weep, for then life is tragic.

Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,

cried Shelley; meaning that unless we are under the peculiar hypnosis of art we are unable to detach ourselves from life except for a moment at a time. We are too pathetically human to stand wholly and unreservedly apart. If we did, we should look Truth in the face and be blinded. The finest humor, the quintessence of humor, the meeting-place of comedy and tragedy, is irony; not the thoughtful laughter of Meredith, which is too logical, too nearly inhuman; nor the boisterous laughter which is a refusal of thought and a forgetfulness of pain; but a lightly sympathetic laughter which treads the strait path between aloofness and absorption. Here, no doubt, a few of the wisest may walk with Truth. Here marches Truth, safe from the free and open encounter for which she is not made (for it were sacrilege to set her fighting against the rough follies of mankind), and safe also from the scorn and insult amid which she may easily perish. But it is indeed a narrow path, whence we must often slide into denial and cynicism on the one side, or, on the other, into the sound and fury that signify nothing.

PAULL FRANKLIN BAUM.

Trinity College, North Carolina.

FOLK-SONGS OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

As opposed to the antiquity of the English and Scottish ballad the song of the American Negro is comparatively new. Serious study of it on the part of Americans seems to have been undertaken only with the breaking out of the Civil War. There were most certainly Negro songs in America when Bishop Percy was editing his *Reliques* in England; but the forces which at an earlier period led Percy to publish his ballads, and at a later caused Sir Walter Scott to collect and edit the *Border Minstrelsy*, were at best dormant in ante-bellum America. The African slave, from the first, held to be one of a despised race, existed and labored, for the most part, in a community which cared nothing for his religion or his social customs, and little or nothing for his songs and his stories, a relatively unchanging state of affairs in the Eastern United States, but which was, as we shall see later, in Louisiana, in the Spanish colonies of Mexico and South America, and in the West Indian islands, considerably mitigated.

In the South, where, previous to the Civil War, the Negroes were always most numerous, a failure to appreciate folk-lore of any kind was probably as much to blame for failure to study the Negro folk-lore as any discouragement for policy's sake on the part of the slave-holding white population. The South, well up to the time of the Rebellion, was an agricultural community, with a landed aristocracy caring little for literature of any sort, least of all for the strange stories and stranger songs of its Negro servants. Such things might do very well to amuse the children or keep the hard-working slaves in a good humor. It was only with the advent of the Freedman's Bureau, the Southern Negro School, and the Northern student army officer, that anyone cared to admit that something of a literary quality existed in such folk productions.

A single exception is discovered in the case of no less a person than the celebrated "Monk" Lewis. In his *Journal of a Residence Among the Negroes in the West Indies* he gives the history of a very stirring Negro melody which must have been composed

about the year 1795. The story goes that a Negro slave who had fallen ill was to be exposed not far from his master's plantation, in order that he might die without causing any further expense to the owner. He made such a piteous plea for mercy that the hearts of his fellow-slaves were melted. He was nursed back to health; and later, made good his escape. In after years, his master, discovering that he was still alive, made a vain attempt to reassert his rights of ownership. Public opinion was aroused to such an extent at that time that the master was forced to set his former slave at liberty. Here is the song, or, rather, the ballad:—

“Take him to the gully! Take him to the gully,
But bringee back the frock and the board.”
“O massa, massa! Me no deadee yet!”
“Take him to the gully! Take him to the gully;
Carry him along!”¹

This song, published in 1845, is the oldest recorded Negro song that I have been able to discover.

In America (barring the sentimental interest of Stephen Foster, and the purely commercial desires of Christy and other minstrels) the serious study of Negro folk-songs began in 1862 with the publication in Dwight's *Journal of Music* of a letter about the songs, written by a Miss McKim. This letter was followed the next year by a contribution by H. G. Spaulding of songs and information relating thereto, to the *Continental Monthly Magazine*. Major Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Boston, gave the new study its final and most influential launching in 1867, with an article on the subject in the *Atlantic*, followed by a reprinting in his *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, published at Boston two years later. With such a launching and under such auspices the new study became a fit object of interest to students of literature.

Since that time many books have been written, based upon the ideas of Major Higginson, and upon whatever other new material the individual authors may have happened to possess; each succeeding author quoting all the others so comprehensively

¹ Quoted by Krehbiel; *Afro-American Folksongs*, p. 24.

that the last word in original criticism and critical research would seem to have been said. Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel in a book called *Afro-American Folksongs*, published in 1914, competently sums up the earlier literary criticism on the subject and adds a thorough musical criticism of his own. If it were not for the fact that his work is deficient in original texts of songs it might easily be considered the standard work on the subject. What this book lacks Thomas W. Talley, a colored professor in Fisk University, makes up in his *Negro Folk Rhymes, Wise and Otherwise*, published two years ago. These two are the most comprehensive books dealing with the early period in the history of the study. For the later, or present-day period, Professor Newman I. White's large manuscript collection of songs, including his own running comments; and a section of a doctoral dissertation, called *Religious Folk-Songs of the Southern Negroes*, by Howard W. Odum; are the best, although the collections of Professor C. Alphonso Smith are of constantly increasing importance.

In my survey I have consciously avoided an extended discussion of the later and more modern collections of these songs, for the following reasons: my study concerns itself chiefly with the origin and early growth of such songs, and I have felt that there was a greater display of typical folk-spirit in the earlier productions of the American Negro than in the later. I have felt very strongly that the many influences tending to civilize the partially civilized Blacks of the South, especially in recent years, have destroyed the genuine folk-tone of most Negro songs which may be collected nowadays, except such as may be gathered by the Negroes themselves. One of the most notable characteristics of the most reliable collections of true folk-songs is the great dearth of distinctly secular texts; and yet White's collection is full of such texts, and Talley's and Smith's are not free from them,—a circumstance which seems to point to the too great influence of modern civilization in more recent collections. Furthermore, other considerations have led me to distrust such songs.

There are more rhymed words in the present-day Negro songs than there were in the earlier ones [Odum's notes],

consequently, there is often less meaning in lines or stanzas. The tendency seems to be more toward satisfactory sound-*impression* than toward spontaneous feeling-*expression* as in the older spirituals . . . the dialect of the older songs is purer than that of the present-day songs.²

And there is an increase of profane songs among later collections. Such profanity does not at all fit Major Higginson's account of his findings in the matter:—

I never overheard in camp a profane or vulgar song. . . . A few youths from Savannah, who were comparatively men of the world, had learned some of the "Ethiopian Minstrel" ditties, imported from the North. These took no hold upon the mass; and, on the other hand, they sang reluctantly, even on Sunday, the long and short metres of the hymn-books, always gladly yielding to the more potent excitement of their own spirituals.³

If Major Higginson heard no profane songs in camp it seems to me doubtful that such songs could be heard anywhere, except from the lips of very young, or very incorrigible, Negroes, who had not yet suffered conversion. Vulgarity *per se* is certainly not a distinctive characteristic of the slave-songs which have come down to us. J. Wesley Work—also of Fisk, and a Negro—says:—

Long holds are not natural to this [folk] music; and whenever they occur they indicate a development of the years subsequent to the days of the Folk Song creation. . . . Another peculiarity is the common and surprising use of ejaculations at the dictates of feeling. Such ejaculations take the form of "O Lord!" "Hallelujah!" "O yes!" "S-sing!" "Sing it, children!" and are usually thrown in by the leader, but oftentimes by others, just as the spirit moves; but by whomever it is interjected there is no violence done to the rhythm, and the effect is electrical.⁴

Such traits are especially characteristic of the older texts, and are to be found principally in the older collections.

² Odum: *Religious Folk-Songs of the Southern Negroes*, p. 10. [I have taken the liberty of correcting Odum's grammar.]

³ Higginson: *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, pp. 221-222.

⁴ Work: *Folk Song of the American Negro*, pp. 38-39.

Although it may seem a far cry from the Negro song to the ancient ballad, I would like to indicate certain points of similarity. In the first place, the society which produced this folklore in America was probably not much more primitive than that of our ancestors which first sang ballads. From a purely scientific point of view there are four moments of similarity in the folk-songs proper. The music to which the songs were sung is strikingly like the music of the ballads, and like that of the native Africans. Both Krebhiel and Samuel Taylor-Coleridge, as students of music, have recognized it as a fact; and it is further emphasized by E. M. Hornbostel, in his Musical Appendix to Czekanowski's *Forschungen im Nil-Kongo-Zwischengebiet*,⁵ when he speaks of the African music he has studied: "Von den betrachteten Momenten sind manche, wie die obsteigende und dabei fast ausschliesslich pentatonische Melodik, in der Musik der meisten sogenannten Naturvölker zu finden." The primitive musical scale is prevailingly pentatonic, rather than heptatonic, as is the distinctly "civilized-European" scale. The Negro song, as well as the ballad, has been transmitted to us through oral tradition; it is built upon the principle of incremental repetition; and it arose from the community composing as a whole. How did all this come about? The evidence is remarkably complete.

The Negro [says Work] is not so different from other men in his thought as he is in his feelings. In thought, he is generic; in feeling, more specific. His feelings are broader and deeper than those of other men and they have more directive influence and power over him than other men's feelings have upon them.⁶

Work has a tendency to become sentimental in his treatment of the songs, but in this instance I believe he has spoken truly. Civilization is a process inimical to the expression of uncontrolled feeling. To what extent this rule applies it is often difficult to realize, although this discussion may recall enough of the truly primitive in the Negro to give us a hint of the way in which one

⁵Czekanowski: *Forschungen im Nil-Kongo-Zwischengebiet*, p. 411. Cf. also Marsh: *The Story of the Jubilee Singers*, p. 122.

⁶*Folk Song of the American Negro*, p. 111.

race has been affected by it. Those of us who have seen *Emperor Jones* have managed to grasp to some extent the spirit of the savage drum—a spirit which has ruled the Negro almost to the present time, even in America. The rhythm of Negro music once in the memory is as permanent as the rhythm of one's own heartbeat. One never forgets it. It is this rhythm which underlies all the Negro folk-songs and, I believe, much of Negro psychology.

Often in the starlit evening [says Major Higginson], I have returned from some lonely ride by the swift river, or in the plover-haunted barrens, and, entering the camp, have silently approached some glimmering fire, round which the dusky figures moved in the rhythmical barbaric dance the Negroes call a "shout", chanting, often harshly, but always in the most perfect time, some monotonous refrain. . . . The favorite song in camp [was] sung with no accompaniment but the measured clapping of hands and the clatter of many feet.⁷

There is scarcely any description of such a shout which is better than this. Every word is fraught with the wild, strange feeling it must have produced in the hearer. Apparently there was nothing very unusual about the singing and dancing, and yet those who have heard it or seen it have always been puzzled. The smell of the jungle, the spirit of the tom-tom, has been strong upon them.

The true "shout" takes place on Sundays or on "praise"-nights through the week, and either in the praise-house or in some cabin in which a regular religious meeting has been held.

After conventional hymns have been sung and prayers said—

the benches are pushed back to the wall. . . . All stand up in the middle of the floor, and when the "sperichil" is struck up, begin first walking and by-and-by shuffling round, one after the other, in a ring. The foot is hardly taken from the floor, and the progression is mainly due to a jerking, hitching motion, which agitates the entire shouter, and soon brings out streams of perspiration. Sometimes they dance silently, sometimes as they shuffle they sing the chorus of the spiritual, and sometimes the song itself. . . . But

⁷*Army Life in a Black Regiment*, pp. 197-198.

more frequently a band, composed of some of the best singers and of tried shouters, stand at the side of the room to "base" the others, singing the body of the song and clapping their hands together or on the knees. Song and dance are alike extremely energetic, and often, when the shout lasts into the middle of the night, the monotonous thud, thud of the feet prevents sleep within half a mile of the praise-house.⁸

The origin of the songs sung at such times as these, according to J. B. I. Marsh, editor of *The Story of the Jubilee Singers*,—

is unique. They are never "composed" after the manner of ordinary music, but spring into life, ready-made, from the white heat of religious fervor during some protracted meeting in church or camp. They come from no musical cultivation whatever, but are the simple, ecstatic utterances of wholly untutored minds.⁹

This sounds like some of the early criticism of the ballads, and would be almost as crack-brained, if it were not in such close accord with the facts. Natalie Curtis Burlin, who arranged the songs now published under the auspices of Hampton Institute, Virginia, while travelling about among the Southern Blacks, noted the phenomenon herself. She describes a Southern church gathering in just the state of mind in which we are most interested:—

The mutterings, the ejaculations, grew louder, more dramatic, till suddenly I felt the creative thrill dart through the people like an electric vibration, that same half-audible hum arose,—emotion was gathering atmospherically as clouds gather—and then, up from the depth of some "sinner's" remorse and imploring came a pitiful little plea, a real Negro "moan", sobbed in musical cadence. From somewhere in that bowed gathering another voice improvised a response: the plea sounded again, louder this time and more impassioned; the other voices joined in the answer, shaping it into a musical phrase; and so, before our ears, as one might say, from this molten metal of music a new song was smithied out, composed then and there by no one in particular and by everyone in general.¹⁰

⁸ *The Nation* (New York), May 30, 1867.

⁹ *The Story of the Jubilee Singers*, p. 121.

¹⁰ *Hampton Series Negro Folk-Songs*, Book IV, p. 4.

This, surely, is folk composition in its best sense, and in our own time—almost before our eyes. As an old darky woman is reported to have said:—

We simply wanted a new song to sing in church, and we just started to sing this song. Our troubles weighted us down, and, of course, we were thinking of them more than anything else. It came to me this way: "Um! Most done toilin' here," and I sang it; another sister added something else, and it kept on until we had a "new song".¹¹

"During slavery," says Work, "in some localities it was a custom to require each new convert, before allowing him to 'join the church', to sing a new song."¹²

In the big meetings, there was a certain set of church members set aside to lead in the moaning, a low, plaintive fragment of melody, sometimes a hum and sometimes accompanied by words of striking character. This is done to help the preacher as he pours out his sermon, which is generally a vivid description of hell and destruction awaiting the sinner. This moan is the accompaniment to the sermon and the combination [adds Work, significantly] has sometimes wonderful effect upon the unconverted.¹³

It is this sort of 'moaning' which is referred to in the third stanza of *The Great Camp Meeting*:—

Going to moan and never tire,
Moan and never tire,
Moan and never tire,
There's a great camp meeting in the Promised Land.¹⁴

Thus far we have traced the movement of the song from a fairly primitive to a fairly civilized group—from a Civil War camp to a modern church—and we have shown the manner in which the same forces exhibit themselves under differing conditions. Now we must take a complete step backward in order to show in what way the 'shout' came into being.

According to the testimony of African students at Tuskegee [said Booker T. Washington], there are in the native African melodies strains that reveal the close relationship

¹¹ *Folk Song of the American Negro*, p. 82.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 41. ¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 83. ¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 46.

between the Negro music of America and Africa, but the imagery and sentiments to which the plantation songs give expression are the outcome of the conditions in America under which the transported children of Africa lived.¹⁵

Since this statement was published the results of rather scanty studies on the part of other investigators of African music have appeared, tending in a more or less conclusive way to prove the same thing: a theory which, from the nature of the case, almost anyone would be inclined to formulate without such proof. In Louisiana, however, a very striking phenomenon was noticed by Krehbiel and Lafcadio Hearn, collaborating. Here were discovered not a few songs made up of words in the African languages and the Creole *patois*. The most important step in the progress of the folk-song from the savage to the civilized level would seem to have been taken just there. The two languages had come together and that of the stronger race had begun to prevail, although other features related to the language and contributed by the weaker race had remained as strong as ever. The language of the African was wedded to tunes and to dance steps which have, in spite of slight modifications, profoundly influenced the warm-blooded races which have listened to the one and watched the other. It is from such dances as these that the 'shouts' of the more Eastern Negro have descended.

The famous African explorer, Paul B. Du Chaillu, writing in the seventies of the last century, has described several such dances, as he witnessed them on the dark continent. One he describes as being performed by men who alternately squat and rise, at the same time repeating the monotonous words, "Goom" and "Zup", in infinite series, throughout the night. Another more nearly fits the descriptions of such savage dances as had survived in the United States well up to the time of the Civil War. In their dancing the drum worked upon the natives—

as martial music does upon excitable Frenchmen; they lose all control over themselves at its sound and the louder and more energetically the horrid drum is beaten, the wilder are the jumps of the male African, and the more disgustingly indecent the contortions of the women.¹⁶

¹⁵ *Twenty-four Negro Melodies Transcribed for the Piano*, Preface, p. viii.

¹⁶ Du Chaillu: *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa*, p. 236.

Here we have, for our purposes, a well-nigh unbiased account. Note how closely it tallies with the words of Bescherelle, describing the "Calinda" dance as it was practised in Louisiana before 1867. "The 'Calinda'," says W. F. Allen, "was a sort of Contra-dance, which has now passed entirely out of use."—a statement not entirely correct for the day in which it was written—"Bescherelle describes the two lines as 'avançant et reculant en cadence, et faisant des contorsions fort singulières et des gestes fort lascifs'." ¹⁷ "As Hearn saw the Calinda," says Krehbiel, "it was danced by men only, all stripped to the waist and twirling heavy sticks in a mock fight." ¹⁸ Another dance, allied to the "Calinda", and also performed in Louisiana, is described as—

a sort of minuet, called the *Coonjai*;—when the *Coonjai* is danced, the music is furnished by an orchestra of singers, the leader of whom—a man selected both for the quality of his voice and for his skill in improvising—sustains the solo part, while the others afford him an opportunity, as they shout in the chorus, for inventing some neat verse to compliment some lovely *danseuse*, or celebrate the deeds of some plantation hero. The dancers themselves never sing, as in the case of the religious "shout" of the Port Royal Negroes; and the usual musical accompaniment besides that of the singers, is that furnished by a skilful performer on the barrelhead-drum, the jaw-bone and key, or some other rude instrument. ¹⁹

These dances, barbaric as they were, were intimately connected with the primitive Negro worship—the disappearing remnant of an older culture. It is said that even in the "Calinda" the invocation "Aie! Aie! Voodoo Maignan!" was occasionally heard when the frenzy was at its height. ²⁰ The Protestant influence, especially the Methodist and Baptist influences, softened all this in the East, until in the course of time the dance composed in honor of Voodoo, or Hoodoo, was identified with the

¹⁷ *Slave Songs of the United States*, p. 113.

¹⁸ *Afro-American Folksongs*, p. 121.

¹⁹ *Slave Songs of the United States*, p. 113.

²⁰ George W. Cable, in *Century Magazine*, April, 1886, article entitled *Creole Slave Songs*. Cf. also Krehbiel: *Afro-American Folksongs*, p. 40.

worship of Christ, and the meaning of the African words which were its accompaniment was so far forgotten as to make them unintelligible to the dancer himself. One by one the African words were dropped to make way for the more understandable dialect of the White American, but the old tunes and the dances survived. The Eastern 'shout' was one result; the folk-song detached from the dance was probably another, although a somewhat later, one.

In Louisiana and the Bahamas, where the more lenient Catholic influence prevailed, the excesses of the savage worship were discouraged, but the dances themselves were not suppressed. The Catholics had no particular scruples against allowing Negroes to dance and to sing strange songs; and the Spaniards looked with favor upon any innovations in that line which might be useful to them. In this part of the world, therefore, the Habanera, an early phase of the Tango, grew out of these very same despised dances, and even the originals of the Habanera survived very late.²¹ It is said that the Voodoo rites themselves were resumed in Louisiana as recently as 1884. In the Bahamas the old habits have largely degenerated into the custom of coming together and singing all night, called the "settin' up". It is used to serenade the dying as well as to amuse the living, but "it has its merry as well as its sad side."

The hymns continue until after midnight, when comes a pause, with refreshments of coffee and bread. After this come the "anthems", or folk-songs, that have not been learned from a book. The Negro *sings* now; body, soul, voice, smile, eyes, all his being sings, as if he were created only for music. . . . Some woman or man carries the refrain and all "jine in", from the wise patriarch, with his crown of yellow-gray wool, to the veriest pickaninny.²²

Besides the barrelhead-drum and the jaw-bone and key the American Negro had a variety of other instruments, the banjo, the violin, the triangle, and the big and little quills being the chief representatives. The banjo and the violin were used to play short accompaniments to long verbal selections, or long musical pieces

²¹ See Krehbiel: *Afro-American Folksongs*, p. 40.

²² Edwards: *Bahama Songs and Stories*, p. 18.

to short verbal accompaniments. In the long musical pieces a few lines of song might be sung at the beginning or in the middle; "then followed the larger and remaining part of the composition, instruments alone."²³ "I do not recall," says Talley, "any case where lines were sung to the closing measures of the compositions."²⁴

The banjo and the violin, when they were used, took the place of the drum, and were one sign of a greater culture. The triangle and the quills were more primitive. The triangle and its striker were one and the same with the U-shaped clives and its pin, used for hitching horses to the plough. The quills "were short reed pipes, closed at one end, made from cane found in our Southern canebrakes. . . . These pipes were whittled square with a jack-knife and were then wedged into a wooden frame, and the player blew them with his mouth."²⁵ There were five reeds in a little set, and a greater number, probably ten, in a large set.

"It is of interest also to note that the ante-bellum Negro, while repeating his rhymes which had no connection with the dance, usually accompanied the repeating with the patting of his foot upon the ground."²⁶ More recently, "at a concert given by a company of Fisk singers in a Kentucky town, the audience was composed of students and teachers of a certain academy."²⁷ Even here there was considerable movement throughout the audience. The singers were very much amused. In Africa such clapping and stamping is the regular accompaniment to almost all singing. There, too, Hornbostel noted that "Der Mangel namentlich an melodie-tragenden Instrumenten ist bemerkenswert im Hinblick auf die hohe Entwicklung der Polyphonie."²⁸ In Africa shell-rattles, gourd-rattles, zithers, signal pipes, and, above all, drums, predominate. Both there and in this country the performer on the drum, or its substitute, becomes very proficient, so that the instrument may fairly be said to speak at his touch.²⁹

²³ Talley: *Negro Folk Rhymes*, p. 236.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 239.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 303-4.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 233.

²⁷ Work: *Folk Song of the American Negro*, p. 38.

²⁸ Czekanowski: *Forschungen im Nil-Kongo-Zwischengebiet*, p. 381.

²⁹ Cf. Krehbiel: *Afro-American Folksongs*, p. 66.

Tuba Blay, or *An Evening Song*, contributed to Talley's collection of folk rhymes, is a typical African song which has all the rhythm and 'snap' that one likes to associate with Negro productions. It comes from Monrovia, in Liberia.

1. Seah O, Tuba blay,
Tuba blay, Tuba blay.
2. O blay wulna nahn blay,
Tuba blay, Tuba blay.

Translation:

1. O please, Tuba sing,
Tuba sing, Tuba sing.
2. O sing that song,
Tuba sing, Tuba sing.³⁰

Whether or not it originated in the dance, Talley does not say.

A similar primitive rhythm runs through one of the well-known early songs:—

There's a prayer wheel a-burnin'
In my heart,
In my heart,
There's a prayer wheel a-burnin'
In my heart.
In my heart,
In my heart,
There's a prayer wheel a-burnin'
In my heart.³¹

The next step in the composition of such songs, in America, is the step based on incremental repetition. This stage is well illustrated in the old spiritual "Keep a-inching along." The version quoted comes from the most primitive part of the Protestant South—the Black Belt of Alabama.

Keep a-inching along,
Keep a-inching along,
Massa Jesus coming bye-an'-bye,
Keep a-inching along like a poo' inch-worm,
Massa Jesus coming bye-an'-bye.³²

This much is the 'sponse' or chorus. Then follows the song proper, normally composed of 'call' or verse proper, and the 'sponse', alternating.

³⁰ *Negro Folk Rhymes*, p. 217. ³¹ Hobson: *In Old Alabama*, pp. 188-189.

³² Hallowell: *Calkoun Plantation Songs*, p. 7.

- I. O I died one time, gwine to die no mo',
Massa Jesus coming bye-an'-bye,
O I died one time, gwine to die no mo',
Massa Jesus coming bye-an'-bye.
- II. O, you in de Lord an' de Lord in you, etc.
- III. How can I die when I'm in de Lord, etc.

A higher step in this same stage is a song which Major Higginson records:—

I know moon-rise, I know star-rise,
Lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.
I'll walk in de graveyard, I'll walk through de graveyard,
To lay dis body down.
I'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms;
Lay dis body down.
I go to de judgment in de evenin' of de day,
When I lay dis body down;
And my soul and your soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down.³³

Another form, probably more primitive than either of the two just now given, is curiously parallel to the ballad of *The Hangman's Tree*:—

Good Lord, shall I be de one,
Making fo' de Promise' Lan'?
I see my mother coming,
Coming,
Coming,
I see my mother coming,
Making fo' de Promise' Lan'.³⁴

And so it goes: sister, brudder, elder—all "making fo' de Promise' Lan'."

Here is yet another song of the same stage of development, but with a slightly different bias:—

And I couldn't hear nobody pray,
And I couldn't hear nobody pray,
O away down yonder by myself,
And I couldn't hear nobody pray, pray,
In the valley!
A-couldn't hear nobody pray,
On my knees!

³³ *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, p. 209, no. xviii.

³⁴ *Calhoun Plantation Songs*, p. 48.

A-couldn't hear nobody pray,
 With my burden!
 A-couldn't hear nobody pray,
 And my Saviour!
 A-couldn't hear nobody pray,
 O Lord!³⁵

This song gives a capital idea of one sort of incremental repetition in its most primitive form. A picture is built up by means of a change in a few words of each new call.

How such changes and such consequent building up could come about is well told by Talley in connection with the dance called "Jonah's Ban'."

There was a "Jonah's Band" step. . . The dancers formed a circle, placing two or more of their skilled dancers in the middle of it. . . There was simply patting with the hands and dancing, making a tattoo which might be well represented by the words supplied later on in its existence. Later, I witnessed the same dance, where the patting and dancing were as usual, but one man, apparently the leader, was simply crying out the words, "Setch a kickin' up san'!" and the crowd answered with the words, "Jonah's Ban'!"—The words all being repeated in rhythmic harmony with the patting and dancing. . . . In some places it was the custom to call on the dancers to join with those of the circle, at intervals in the midst of the dance, in dancing other steps than the Jonah's Band step.³⁶

A final phase in its development came with the singing of all the lines in the dance-tune. In this way, then, another type of communal composition made itself evident in the early days, connecting the song and the dance intimately.

The steps in composition are as follows: the dance accompanied by the rhythmic keeping of time; the dance plus shouted directions, or spoken words illustrative of the rhythm; the dance plus connected sentences accurately fitting the rhythm; the dance plus a 'sung' accompaniment; and, finally, the accompaniment minus the dance. It seems likely, moreover, that this cycle was the cycle through which most of the songs would have passed had the dance continued to have the popularity that it claimed in

³⁵ Fenner: *Religious Folksongs of the Negro*, pp. 160-161.

³⁶ *Negro Folk Rhymes*, pp. 259-260.

earlier days. As the dance passed out of fashion the shout came in, and was finally lost in the quieter meeting for worship. When that happened, artistic talent had to take other forms. It expressed itself through composers of hymns and through the more individual composers of secular songs. To be sure, lullabies and songs of a distinctly individual nature had seldom, if ever, been composed by a dancing crowd, or the representative of a dancing crowd; but it is likely that many *folk-songs* were so composed. Some religious songs had been used for shouting, and others for marching or rowing.

Lafcadio Hearn and Krehbiel, as we have seen, found in Louisiana many traces of songs bearing marks of an African origin. Talley thought he found a few such traces farther East. Such a one as—

Tig, tig, malaboin
La chelema che tango
Redjoum!²⁷—

is characteristic. When Hearn asked his black nurse what it meant, she said: "Mâis c'est Voodoo, ça: Je n'en sais rien!" That was in 1878. Later, in a letter to Krehbiel, Hearn wrote as follows:—

Here is the only Creole song I know of with an African refrain *that is still sung*—don't show it to C. [George W. Cable], it is one of *our* treasures.

[Pronounce "Wenday" and "Makkiah."]

Ouendé, ouendé, macaya!
Mo pas barrassé, macaya!
Ouendé, ouendé, macaya!
Mo bois bon divin, macaya!
Ouendé, ouendé, macaya!
Mo mangé bon poulet, macaya!
Ouendé, ouendé, macaya!
Mo pas barrassé, macaya!
Ouendé, ouendé, macaya!
Macaya!

I wrote from the dictation of Louise Roche. She did not know the meaning of the refrain—her mother had taught her, and the mother had learned it from the grandmother.

²⁷ *Afro-American Folksongs*, p. 37.

However, I found out the meaning, and asked her if she *now* remembered. She leaped in the air for joy—apparently. *Ouendai*, or *ouendé*, has a different meaning in the eastern Soudan; but in the Congo, or Fiot, dialect it means “to go,” “to continue to go,” “to go on.” I found the word in Jeannest’s vocabulary. Then *macaya* I found in Turiault’s “Étude sur le Langage Créole de la Martinique:” “ça veut dire manger tout le temps”—‘excessivement.’ Therefore, here is our translation:—

Go on! go on! *eat enormously!*
 I ain’t one bit ashamed — *eat enormously!*
 Go on! go on! *eat prodigiously!*
 I drink good wine! — *eat ferociously!*
 Go on! go on! *eat unceasingly!*
 I eat good chicken — *gorging myself!*
 Go on! go on! etc.

How is this for a linguistic discovery? The music is almost precisely like the American river music—a chant, almost a recitative, until the end of the line is reached: then for your mocking music!³⁸

Talley’s examples are taken from recitations of so-called Guinea or Ebo Negroes, who were, he explains, “a rare type of Negro, which has long since disappeared.”³⁹ He thinks that they came from Africa or from some other foreign country. One of these peculiar rhymes was called *The Frog in a Mill*:—

Once dere wus er frog dat lived in er mill.
 He had er raker don la bottom o’ la kimebo,
 Kimebo, nayro, dilldo, kiro,
 Stimstam, formiddiddle, all-a-board la rake;
 Wid er raker don la bottom o’ la kimebo.⁴⁰

Through such transitions the Negro rhymes passed over from the African to the American dialect and became in time the many hundreds of *American* Negro rhymes with which we are familiar. From the day when that happened until now the Negro has been composing new rhymes and re-composing old ones. Most of these rhymes have been sung to whatever melody best pleased his ear or suited his primitive taste—for harmony

³⁸ Letter to Krehbiel, Febuary, 1884. See *Afro-American Folksongs*, p. 39.

³⁹ *Negro Folk Rhymes*, p. 247.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 167.

was always a matter of individual taste among the primitive singers of these songs;—but sometimes they have been spoken. Of the spoken rhymes, two stand out prominently in Talley's collection: both have an air of the ridiculous about them, and both are connected with love-making or with marriage.

ANTE-BELLUM COURTSHIP INQUIRY

(He) Is you a flyin' lark or a settin' dove?
 (She) I'se a flyin' lark, my honey Love.
 (He) Is you a bird o' one fedder, or a bird o' two?
 (She) I'se a bird o' one fedder, w'en it comes to you.
 (He) Den, mam:
 I has a desire, an' quick temptation,
 To jine my fence to yō' plantation.⁴¹

SLAVE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

Dark an' stormy come de wedder;
 I jines dis he-male an' dis she-male togedder.
 Let none, but Him dot makes de thunder,
 Put dis he-male an' dis she-male asunder.
 I darfore 'nounce you bofe de same.
 Be good, go 'long, an' keep yō' name.
 De Broomstick's jumped, de worl's not wide,
 She's now yō' own. Salute yō bride!⁴²

The last two lines of this ceremony refer to the old custom of jumping a broomstick in lieu of any more formal marriage rite. Could anything be more primitive?

Of songs there are a host, divided by some authorities into as many as twelve different groups; but all are bound together by a common heritage of an intense rhythm and a primitive psychology. As they approach in composition and in feeling the requirements of civilized and highly cultured people, their variety increases, their language becomes more abstract, and their imagery more poetic. Incremental repetition no longer holds such complete sway. Two examples of these latter-stage songs are all that space will warrant. I must close with them.

CHUCK WILL'S WIDOW SONG

Oh nember, nember Will-o!
 My crooked, crooked bill-o!
 I'se settin' down right now, on
 de sweet pertater hill-o.

⁴¹*Negro Folk Rhymes*, p. 135.

⁴²*Ibid.*, p. 143.

Oh nimber, nimber Will-o!
 My crooked, crooked bill-o!
 Two liddle naked babies, my two
 brown aigs now fill-o.

Oh nimber, nimber Will-o!
 My crooked, crooked bill-o!
 Don't hurt de liddle babies; dey
 is too sweet to kill-o.⁴³

LOVE IS JUST A THING OF FANCY

Love is jes a thing o' fancy,
 Beauty's jes a blossom;
 If you wants to get yō' finger bit,
 Stick it at a 'possum.

Beauty, it's jes skin-deep;
 Ugly, it's to de bone;
 Beauty, it's jes fade 'way;
 But Ugly 'll hōl'er own.⁴⁴

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON SMITH.

The College of William and Mary.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, p. 156.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 2. N. B. This is a dance-rhyme.

JOHN MASEFIELD AND JEZEBEL*

That the Bible has exercised incalculable influence upon the minds and spirits of the English-speaking race is sufficiently attested by the long series of glosses and of translations into the vernacular, from the *Vespasian* and *Paris Psalters* and the *Lindisfarne* and *Rushworth Gospels*, down through Wyclif, Nicholas of Hereford, Tyndale, Coverdale, "Matthew's" Bible, the "Great" Bible, the "Genevan" or "Breeches" Bible, the "Bishops'" Bible, the King James Version, and the Revisions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Of its corresponding influence upon imaginative literature there is also ample evidence, whether in the Biblical saturation of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the frequent references of Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare, the marked allusiveness of Milton and Carlyle, or the sensitive if various stylistic response of such diverse writers as Bacon, Thomas Browne, Defoe, Ruskin, Emerson, Hawthorne and Thomas Hardy. Indeed, the principle of melancholy (a noble melancholy) in English and American literatures is perhaps in no small measure historically derivable from the influence of the Hebrew Scriptures, as well as from the Celtic and Saxon traits that have initiated and nurtured that principle.

Mr. Masefield's *The Everlasting Mercy* provides a remote landmark or point of departure conducting him at last by devious paths to his adaptation of Racine's *Esther*, and to his present interpretation of Jezebel's quality and queenship. No doubt Racine's noble tragedy, *Athalie*, also led him to consider the artistic values of the Ahab-Jezebel story. It is the often intense dramatic element in the Old Testament that has called to him across the deeps of time, and it is the warm human sympathy in him that has enabled him to reconstruct the essential scene and problem, whatever departures from the record the needs of his task, as we shall see, may require.

**A King's Daughter: A Tragedy in Verse*. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1923. Pp. 170.

It was no new thing (consider David and Solomon) for a King of Israel to acquire a foreign wife, but Jezebel was an unusual foreigner. She had decided ideas about royal administrative rights and duties, and decided ability in carrying them out. Her father, Ethbaal, King of Tyre and Sidon, had been a priest of the goddess Astarte in Phoenicia, and, after long anarchy, had re-established stable conditions there by slaying Phelles (according to Menander the Ephesian) and taking the throne. He ruled acceptably for some thirty years, and implanted in his daughter's mind a great zeal for religion as represented in the worship of the deities Astarte and Melkart. Jezebel brought her religion to the court and country of Ahab. No mind of that court and country was enlightened enough to see that in reality, as the late Professor George Burman Foster has said, there can be no such thing as a false religion, given due earnestness, unless we call a child a false man. Certainly, we find no room to doubt Jezebel's almost passionate zeal in promoting her cult. Ahab himself kept about him some four hundred prophets of the Yahweh tradition, and tolerated Jezebel's religious ideas largely because his people had already accepted no few local Caananitish Baals who blessed the crops and vineyards, Yahweh being thought of as rather a desert God, although still peculiarly *the* God of Israel. Ahab, therefore, did not regard the coming of Jezebel's religion as of any political importance, although later events proved him wrong. Nevertheless, he consulted his queen freely on matters of state, and usually received iron counsel. At length, Jezebel's success (never really extraordinary) in winning converts to her cult aroused the patriotism and fierce fanaticism of Elijah. We say patriotism because Baal Melkart of Tyre was one of the greatest of the Baals, a national Baal the worship of whom might and probably would involve the slow Tyrian penetration of Israel commercially and politically; while, on the ethical side, that worship permitted and encouraged obscene rites that tended to break down the normally clean Hebrew moral sense.

Elijah, accordingly, became the head and symbol of a protest against idolatry and in favor of the exclusive practice of the ancestral cult; but this protest had been long maturing, and it

was partly Jezebel's misfortune and partly the fault of her dominating personality that the reaction came to a head during her time. Consciences that had compromised with the Baals as fellow-gods of Yahweh, even though inferior gods, now saw their opportunity to purge themselves from remorse and the land from reproach by imputing to the foreign queen—falsely enough, no doubt—determined enmity against Yahweh and unrelenting persecution of his religion. It is sufficient to point out against this charge the facts that Ahab remained a Yahweh-worshipper, attached to his court a large number of orthodox prophets, gave three of his children names compounded with the word Yahweh, and allied his house to that of Jehoshaphat of Judah (a true follower of Yahweh) by granting the latter the hand of his daughter Athaliah.

We have referred to the patriotism and the fanaticism of Elijah, who appears in the play as the Teshbon prophet, or, simply, the prophet. He was a wild-looking, nomadic hermit from Gilead, with unkempt hair and beard, and clothed in a rough goat-skin. He was not only a thorough-going theocrat but a kind of Cromwellian democrat also, believing that the worship of any other god than Yahweh, whether as substitute or subordinate, was religious treason worthy of death, and, as in the famous case of the sheikh Naboth's vineyard, championing the popular cause with unremitting zeal. He caused the slaughter of four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal after the drought-breaking contest on Mount Carmel, but afterwards lost confidence in his mission and fled into Beersheba, where he remained brooding until a pilgrimage to Mount Horeb brought him the sustenance and further instruction of Yahweh.

The Jehu whom Mr. Masefield makes Ahab's generalissimo was an ambitious and ruthless army officer, who was in reality anointed king at the instance of Elisha during the reign of Joram, against whom Jehu conspired and whom he slew near Naboth's vineyard, thereafter usurping the throne and bloodily exterminating the entire house of Ahab.¹

The foregoing characters, with Joram; the spirit of the slain Ahaziah; truculent, independent Naboth; Micaiah, a loyal seer;

¹*II Kings* 9; 10: 1-14.

Hamutal, the palace steward's wife; Ashobal and Pharmas, court attendants; Rose-Flower and Moon-Blossom, hand-maidens of Jezebel and chorus-singers; together with messengers and spearmen, complete the cast of this politico-religious tragedy, grim and stark in its situations, sinister in its dialogues, and fatalistic in its tone.

The story itself, covering actually some eleven or twelve years, bulky and excrescent as it is, Mr. Masfield boldly attempts to compress into the action of one day, in the interest of unity, quick accumulation of closely connected dramatic events, and the inevitability of the "one tremendous end." Unity of place is also observed, the scene throughout being the royal palace in Jezreel. Careful as the author is to keep his readers informed touching time-moments, the requirements of his plan embarrass him and leave us in some perplexity. In the first act Jehu is—

. . . . determined to be King this day,

and resolves to stop Ahaziah's imminent return to the capital, since he is still "two hours hence". He leaves his fellow-conspirators abruptly, one of whom—Ashobal—almost immediately remarks that Pharmas will be writing at the Queen's dictation until noon, but that "it is nearly noon." In the same act Micaiah tells Jezebel that Ahaziah may arrive "within two hours" or even one. In Act Four, however, Jezebel hears from the same faithful reporter of Jehu's treachery that—

The warden at the west gate saw him start
In that direction, and return from thence
Three hours later. He was back by noon. . . .

while in Act Five Pashur the soldier-messenger boasts:—

Queen, it has been a day.
Think for a moment what this day has been.
We marched this morning with our banners waving,
With the prophets raving, and the trumpets blowing,
With the charioteers of the King of Judah,
And the spears of the King, a thousand men.
We came to Ramoth when they least expected,
While they slept the noontide and thought it peace.²

² The italics are, of course, ours.

The remaining indications of the passage of time, however, are more consistent, including two references to Rechab³ as the officer of the day; the remark of Jehu to Elijah, concerning the expedition to Ramoth-Gilead, that—

. in an hour from now
We can be marching hence with Ahab's self;
If all your prophets will but prophesy;⁴

and the determination of Ahab to "march at once," leaving behind his kingly purple—

Till I return to-night, with victory;⁵

while in the last act "it is sunset now" and "as red as blood within this room." Pashur declares that "it has been a day" and that Jezebel shall die "ere this day passes," while the great Queen herself sings a swan-song of the April moon.

Aside from this temporal readjustment the chief deviations from the Biblical text are the dramatically useful identification of Jehu with the "certain man" of I Kings 22:34 (to be discussed later); the anointing of Jehu as King before Ahab's death, that masterful soldier requiring Elijah to—

Send out some youngling of the Prophet tribe
There to anoint me King in Ahab's stead;⁶

the dramatic justifying of the death of Naboth at the instance of the sorely tried Jezebel, who, despite his insults, does not directly condemn him but cites him to the priests for blasphemy, supplying not "base fellows" but competent witnesses against him;⁷ the ensuing challenge of Ahab by Elijah ("Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"⁸), which Mr. Masefield transfers from Naboth's vineyard to the palace, making Ahab both innocent and ignorant of Naboth's death; Jehu's treacherous slaughter of Ahab's sons while both were yet princes, Ahaziah's end being compassed while he was hastening back to Jezreel to

³ *A King's Daughter*, Act I, page 21; Act II, page 53. The page numbers refer to the text published by the Macmillan Company, New York, to whom thanks are due for permission to quote certain passages.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Act III, p. 92.

⁵ *Ibid.*, Act IV, p. 129.

⁶ *Ibid.*, Act I, p. 5; *I Kings* 9: 1-10.

⁷ *Ibid.*, Act II; *I Kings* 21: 1-16.

⁸ *Ibid.*, Act III, p. 68; *I Kings* 21: 20-24.

help his mother, and Joram's (anticipating the record of *II Kings* 9: 14-26) during the expedition against Ramoth-Gilead. In other words, the two years of Ahaziah's reign and the nine years of Joram's are cancelled in order to intensify the tragic storm which beats about and into the lives of Ahab, Jehu and Jezebel.

Of these three the dramatist makes Jezebel the proud, capable, alien protagonist, longing to do good to Israel, yet tormented by her failure to understand the people and by her sense of opposition and creeping intrigue; Ahab the linking dupe, now kingly with the kingliness of David, now melancholy with the melancholy of Saul; and Jehu the bold, cruel, yet crafty antagonist, wholly self-confident in his political realism. On the other hand, Mr. Masfield carries over into his text with fine effectiveness those very passages of the Old Testament narrative, but slightly adapted, which make most directly for the dramatic truth at which he is aiming, and for the tone and atmosphere of the specific scenes concerned. This is especially to be remarked in Act Four, where Zedekiah the son of Chenaanah (although, for purposes of economy in personnel, he is here merged with Elijah) contends against good Micaiah, Ahab's better genius, the one counselling the advance against Ramoth-Gilead, the other denouncing the "lying spirit" that so counsels.⁹ Shakespeare's close verbal adherence to North's Plutarch in *Coriolanus* and in *Antony and Cleopatra* is no more subtly justified. Mr. Masfield emphasizes especially in use and textual fidelity certain portions of the narrative occurring in *I Kings* 22:11, 13-17, 19-28, 30 and 34. In the fifth act, developing the catastrophe—Jezebel's prevision of doom, her calm acceptance of death, her regal preparations for it, and the dreadful manner of its realization—the text of *II Kings* 9:30-37 serves as basis and inspiration for a scene whose horror and pity lift it into blank verse of unusual quality, even for its author, and into a tragic katharsis of extraordinary power.

In order to coördinate satisfactorily the interrelations of incident and allusion in the play, it will be well to review briefly

⁹*I Kings* 22: 7-28.

its historical antecedents and background. Between the division (following the death of Solomon) and the accession of Ahab there were six kings of Israel, namely, Jeroboam (937-915 B.C.); Nadab (915-913); Baasha (913-889); Elah (889-887); Zimri, who reigned only a few days; and Omri (887-875). Ahab himself reigned twenty-two years (875-853).¹⁰ Jeroboam ben Nebat, given authority by Solomon over the labor-gangs of Ephraim, was led by ambition and the prophet Ahijah's early assurances, to head a rebellion, biding his time with King Shishak in Egypt until the division of the kingdom became inevitable. Solomon's badly advised sixteen-year-old son Rehoboam made his position impossible by refusing to the ten northern tribes (Israel) relief from his father's policy of autocratic rule, forced labor, heavy taxes and alien idolatries. "My little finger," he told the people, "is thicker than my father's loins."¹¹ "What portion have we in David?" cried then the oppressed people. "Neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse. To your tents, O Israel! Now see to thine own house, David!"¹² Rehoboam thereafter was forced to flee for his life to Jerusalem, and was accepted as King by Judah, "partly because he was their kinsman, while the rebel was an Ephraimite, and partly because the priesthood instituted by Solomon and supported by his lavishness set itself strongly to support his dynasty."¹³ We are told in I Kings 14:30 that "there was war between Rehoboam and Jeroboam continually," although that 'war' could hardly have been very active. Shishak's invasion of both the kingdoms weakened both, especially Judah. Jeroboam reigned well, for the most part, and built the palace at Shechem, but his Yahweh images and shrines at Bethel and at Dan, intended to make the people independent of the great temple

¹⁰ The foregoing are the now generally accepted dates, as based upon Assyrian monumental inscriptions.

¹¹ *I Kings* 12:10. "It was unnecessary to add an explanation in the specific threat to make their yoke heavy and to chastise them with scorpions. This would have been insulting, and we may charitably suppose that the narrator has expanded the earliest account."—Henry Preserved Smith: *Old Testament History* (Scribners), p. 178, footnote.

¹² *I Kings* 12:16.

¹³ Bailey and Kent: *History of the Hebrew Commonwealth* (Scribners), pp. 142-3.

at Jerusalem, led to misunderstanding and to condemnation of Jeroboam by the didactic Biblical narrator.¹⁴

Of the six kings of Israel mentioned above, three were slain, and only twice did the principle of hereditary succession hold good. Jeroboam's son Nadab had reigned but two years when Baasha, a soldier of the tribe of Issachar, slew him and all his family, and seized power. Baasha warred with Judea, but none too successfully. His son Elah was weak and self-indulgent, and was killed in his cups at Tirzah and his family exterminated by the commander of his chariots, Zimri. This cold-blooded murder was so manifestly the result of selfish and unscrupulous personal ambition that Zimri's name, like Cain's, became a byword. ("Is it peace, thou Zimri, thy master's murderer?" scornfully asks Jezebel of Jehu as he returns from the killing of Joram¹⁵). Omri, Zimri's successor, a very able general, was chosen King by the larger part of the army, in the interest of forcible good government and the adequate protection of the state from foreign foes. His supporters marched forthwith against the palace, Zimri ordering it burned and perishing in the flames. Civil war seems to have raged for a time, a minority preferring Tibni, the son of Ginath, as their ruler. "So Tibni died, and Omri reigned," runs the terse account.¹⁶ Omri proved a strong king, several Assyrian inscriptions referring to Israel as "the land of the house of Omri," even after the passing of that house. His reign brought prosperity and progress. He reconquered Moab, wisely moved the capital from Tirzah to Samaria, and made an alliance with Ethbaal, King of Tyre, against the actual common foe, Damascus, and the possible one, Assyria. This compact was sealed by the marriage of Ahab, son of Omri, to Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal.

In Act One Jezebel appears directly, soliloquizing, with a too obvious economy (like the ghost of Melloney Holtspur) on the antecedent action and on the difficulties of her position and her task. Jehu and Elijah develop their plot, Jehu persuading the prophet that the former's accession to the throne is indispen-

¹⁴*I Kings* 12:30-33; 13:33-4; 14:6-20. ¹⁵*II Kings* 9:31. ¹⁶*I Kings* 16:22.

sable, when suddenly Ashobal appears and announces that Jezebel has sent for her son Ahaziah. Thereafter Ahab, who has been moody and aloof for three days, since Naboth's refusal to sell his vineyard, confers with the Queen about his state policy. Ahab had ably defended Israel against the repeated assaults of the Syrians under King Benhadad and at last Benhadad had been completely defeated, when, to the bitter indignation of Israel at large, Ahab had freed his foe on singularly mild conditions. Ahab's political sagacity in so doing has been praised by many later students, for he saw clearly that the real danger to his people was the growing power and rapacity of Assyria and that, by making an alliance with Benhadad and other kings, he might, as the event indeed determined, check the aggression of Shalmaneser II. In Mr. Masefield's play, however, Ahab is beginning to doubt the wisdom of his Syrian policy, beginning to feel the touch of time and fate, and speaks in monologue:—

Thus does the climber on a pinnacle.
He stands exhausted on the peak and feels
Nothing beneath him but the mist of cloud
Hiding the precipice. I have my foothold;
Around me, the sheer fall into the pit.

Jezebel tries to hearten her husband with eloquently heroic words, but he remains unconvinced.

JEZEBEL:

O King, you cannot say that things are wrong
Because they fail. All good things seem to fail;
The road that men make is not straight nor smooth,
Nor like the perfect roadway that they planned;
And yet among the thorns and broken flint,
And twistings where the adder lies in wait,
It is a path where no path was before.
So with your Syrian pact and with these people,
You have hewed out a way where men will tread.
Be comforted and proud, for you have done it,
As the lone artist makes the perfect thing,
With every blind malignant saying "No!"
You have made peace as generous as yourself
And thought as free. So let the madman rave
And let the savage shriek for blood, and let
The blindworm of the many-creeping world
Crawl its obstruction, you have conquered them.

AHAB:

It is not true. I have not conquered them.
 They conquer me. I am defeated. Yes,
 I cannot think, or master, or decide,
 Having no longer any faith remaining
 In what we planned together and have done.
 The ground is gone from under me, the light
 Is gone from in me, and the sky above
 Is black with punishment that threatens me.
 These ruffian prophets have been proven right,
 Our policies have been accursed; ay,
 And the reward is death.

There follows a brief, uneasy link-dialogue between Elijah and Ashobal; while Jezebel resolves to act the sovereign part for troubled Ahab and, seeing the immediate duty, orders Naboth, despite the feast which the rebels of Jezreel are preparing for him, to be brought before her forthwith.

In the Second Act the Queen treats patiently but unsuccessfully with Naboth for the purchase of his vineyard, which is not coveted personally by Ahab, but is supposedly required by Jehu for public purposes, to be included within the defensive wall. Naboth is surly and rude, but listens to tempting offers. Mr. Masfield's ability to extract place and time quintessence by collocating concrete symbols, as in the passage on page 48, is nowhere better shown, not even in *Cargoes*.

Naboth, however, obstinately refuses all offers save sacrifice to Yahweh, cursing Jezebel before witnesses as a shameless woman, a worshipper of false gods, and Ahab as "a dallier with God's foes" and "a curse on Israel." The Queen watches his removal, considers the situation calmly, and then commands the witnesses to denounce Naboth to the priests that they may pronounce judgment against him for blasphemy.

During the interval between the second and the third acts Naboth, then, has been stoned to death as a blasphemer, an act which arouses the burning resentment of Elijah as a leader of the people and his moral indignation as a prophet. (Historically, Elijah probably resented even more strongly the forcible seizure of Naboth's vineyard.) He enters the palace fearlessly to condemn Ahab and Jezebel. Ahab disclaims all knowledge of the deed, but Jezebel affirms and justifies it,

whereupon the spirit of the Lord comes upon Elijah and he cries out:—

Since you have sold yourself thus to work evil,
I will bring evil on you, take away
All your posterity, and make your house
Like Jeroboam's house,
And like the accursed house, Baasha's house.
Those of your house that die within the city
The dogs shall eat, and those that die afield
The fowls of the air shall eat; and Jezebel . . .
Dogs shall eat Jezebel by the city wall.
Now royal rottenness in purple hedged,
I call a great cry from the Spirit of God.
Come all you dogs and vultures.
Come on your noiseless wings out of great Heaven,
Come upon padding footsteps stealthily;
Follow your victims in the hearts of men,
And by the ways of men, and take their blood
As they took his, as they took his, as they
Took his, upon the stones; blood, blood, that shrieks.

With these wild curses Elijah swoons. After some debate between the rulers their son Joram enters, as representing the King's Council, to demand Jezebel's dethronement and banishment. Ahab resolves to depose her, Jezebel accepting his decision with dignity, and even with something of anticipative relief:—

I will not plead for your forgiveness, then.
Dismiss me from your council and your court
And let me be; the hated foreign woman
Who tried and failed. I will be nothing here.
After these years of hatred it will be
Peace to be nothing.

Jehu now arrives, bearing Ahaziah's armor, to announce and deplore the death of the young prince through Syrian treachery. Ahab swears to take vengeance on the Syrians, should the prophets approve a war,—

. . . though my heart
Seeks less for guidance now than for release.

In the fourth and fifth acts the drama accumulates both tragic intensity and artistic power. The crisis is evidently the announcement of Ahaziah's death, which further isolates the already rejected Queen and provokes Ahab into a false move that, through the prearrangement of his enemies, involves his death. "I want him killed in war," coolly explains Jehu to the prophet.

Act Four opens with the lamentation of Jezebel for Ahaziah:—

Would I had been beside him when he fell,
And fallen with him to the pit of death!
Better die so, not mangled in the war,
A young man, beautiful in youth, as thou wert;
Not troubled yet by life; not yet a King;
Thou hast been only young and now art dead.
With all life's faults, I want you back in life,
Not dead, my son, beyond my touch and speech,
But here, moving and speaking, being mine,
My help and stay and wisdom and assuagement
As in the past. You, who gave no farewell,
Speak to me from the grave, O lovely son.

The phrase "from the grave" is, of course, figurative, for the funeral of Ahaziah has not yet occurred, but an escort is coming with the body from the place of death. The present scene is far more effective than a more normally mortuary one would be, because it ties in more naturally with the development of the plot and gives us a credible if remote touch of Ahaziah's personality as his spirit struggles to make itself heard and seen, revealing the murderous treachery of Jehu, warning Jezebel against further plots, and foretelling the doom of the house of Ahab. Micaiah confirms the charge against Jehu by identifying his riding-rod found at the scene of the murder and now returned by an unknown rider. The conspirators, Jehu, Elijah and Joram, enter suddenly and the prophet delivers to Ahab the word of the Lord that he go up against the Syrians at Ramoth-Gilead, a fortified town which had been yielded to Israel by Benhadad in the Treaty of Aphek, but which had not actually been restored. In the Biblical account,¹⁷ which the dramatist here follows pretty closely, the court prophets show themselves unanimous for the expedition, while faithful Micaiah, who is not one of their number, opposes it, declaring that Ahab, by accepting their advice, would go to his death, and imputing to the prophets a lying spirit:—

In the dark night I saw this other thing:
I saw the Lord in heaven on his throne,
With all the host of heaven standing by him.
He said, "Who shall persuade King Ahab to go up
And die at Ramoth-Gilead?" They discussed it.
At last a spirit said, "I will persuade him."

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 22: 1-40.

The Lord said, "How?"
 The spirit said, "I will go forth and be
 A lying spirit in his prophets' mouths."
 And the Lord said, "Thou shalt. Go forth and do so."
 Behold the Lord hath put a lying spirit
 Into thy prophets' mouths, and spoken evil
 Not good to you.

Jezebel now interrupts the proceedings long enough to accuse the conspirators, especially Jehu, of their crimes, but is pityingly repulsed by Ahab as one made irresponsible through her grief at Ahaziah's death, and is conducted to her quarters. Ahab thereupon decides for war and, in the hope of defeating Micaiah's gloomy predictions, disguises himself as a private soldier. Upon his retirement Jehu assumes for a moment the King's purple, and exults in speech and song:—

*Oh, out in the desert my spear and my bow
 Will win me whatever I need;
 The wine and the oil that another did grow
 And the horse that another did breed.
 So away for the desert. . . .*

Ay, I have trotted in your bodyguard
 Too long, by God!

At the outset of Act Five her handmaidens, Rose-Flower and Moon-Blossom, are trying vainly to coax Jezebel out of a long silence. At length the Queen bids them watch for signs of the coming of a rider from the army. With the entrance of the disguised Hamutal (once of Sidon, and now the steward's wife) Jezebel is told of her imminent danger and, as part of the final suspense, is urged to escape by means of a disclosed secret passage. She refuses to save herself, but dismisses Hamutal by this means and, after Pashur, an army messenger, has come and gone, she saves also her maidens. Pashur, himself a lesser Jehu, bids Jezebel look upon—

. . . . These blackened ashes mixed with blood,
 That is what Ramoth and her people are.
 The King gave order you should see the work.
 You see, ashes and blood; by God, I love them.
 But that is not the message that I bring.
 I bring a message about good King Ahab,
 Who rode into the battle in his chariot
 Against the chariots of Syria.
 Keep yourself quiet, Syrians, while I tell.

There was a man, who shall be nameless,
 Who shall be blameless, or praised aloud,
 He with an arrow shot King Ahab
 Beneath the arm in the armour joint.

That Jehu was the "certain man" who "drew his bow at a venture, and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the armour" is the most ingeniously conceived and dramatically useful idea among the arrangements in this play that do not accord themselves with the Old Testament narrative.¹⁸ Indeed, without it the play would have proved virtually impossible, Elijah alone not being an adequate tragic antagonist for Ahab; while with it, motive, action, crisis and dénouement fall into appropriate relation and, for the most part, orderly sequence. Joram, as the dramatic need requires, is slain also at this time and in the same battle, while the presence of Jehoshaphat, King of Judea and son-in-law of Ahab, is conveniently ignored.

Pashur departs breathing out dire threats against Jezebel, who, after seeing to the safety of her women, calmly prepares herself for doom:—

First, with this pencil, I
 Darken my brows, because they go to death.
 And make my eyes bright, since I join my husband
 And go again to look upon my sons.
 Next I will set this scarlet on my lips,
 And on my cheek, lest men should think me pale
 And say that I, the Queen, am pale from fear.
 Now I will draw Queen Helen's robe about me.
 This golden bird is Helen's very hair
 That Paris kissed in Troy, my father told me.
 Lastly, I will make consecrate my hair
 With royal gold, for I will die a Queen.

Now will I bare my throat that they may kill me.
 How the blood beats that soon will cease to beat,
 Poor servant blood, that kept this flesh alive
 Knowing not why, and now shall serve no more
 This captive soul that was an earthly Queen.
 And I without this servant shall not know
 The hour of pain, the sleepless night, the day
 Anxious as fever with this troublous world;
 Shall know, it may be, nothing more forever,
 Or know, it may be, all things burningly,
 Know god the spirit as a lover would. . . .

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 22: 34.

Following the account given in the ninth chapter of *II Kings* Jehu at last rides up in hot haste to the palace and demands to see Jezebel at the window. As she taunts him by the name of Zimri he angrily orders his men within (in the play, Pharmas and Ashobal) to throw her down to him, whereupon, already stabbed by Pharmas, she is trodden by many horses. Jehu grudgingly orders her interment, since she was "a King's daughter," but Ashobal reports that the dogs have torn her to pieces. After Jehu goes on his way, boasting and threatening, honest Micaiah enters from in front and strikes the last note of a dire history:—

Wisdom is gone from the city,
The killer alone is obeyed,
A man without law, without pity,
Who was fed by the King he betrayed.
The debt that was owing is paid
By a new deed of murder that cries
To the gods who are Kings in the skies.
Though the ways of the gods are most wise,
They are dark, they make me afraid.

It will be recalled that during her preparations for death Jezebel compares herself to Helen of Troy, and a like comparison is made as she laments for Ahaziah. Archæology is so modern a science that she can hardly have known the legend of Helen, much less have come into possession of her robe.¹⁹ By these means, however, Mr. Masfield permissibly enough unites the four chorus-interludes with the drama proper. In the interludes *Rose-Flower* and *Moon-Blossom* recount in varimetre verse the story of Nireus, King of Symé Island; Paris, his Trojan friend; and Queen Helen. The story parallels less in action than in spiritual undertone and implication the unhappy fortunes of Jezebel.

The interludes present an interesting study in metrical variation. The initial verses of the first interlude are written in iambic pentameter, with an *abba* rhyme-pattern, but there soon occurs a change to tetrameter, corresponding to tone and moment, with an *abab* pattern. Then come two irregular stanzas, changing from trimeter to tetrameter and having no

¹⁹Helen is supposed to have fled with Paris to Troy some three hundred years earlier.

uniform rhyme-scheme; while the interlude concludes with two admirably wrought six-line *Venus and Adonis* stanzas, a form used so effectively in *Enslaved*.

In the next interlude Mr. Masefield essays hexameters with variously shifting accents, turning afterwards to dimeters with feminine rhymes, and to irregular rhymeless measures, mostly dimeter, and concluding with a tolling rhyme-series (*abacdeff, abcdeed*). Although these variations sometimes show much technical skill and poetic sympathy, our judgment is that they are, within so narrow a compass, too frequent and elastic, and that it is not easy to justify them in each instance. One feels some regret at the apparent lack of revision, especially so in two cases of inadequate line-length, a foot being wanting in both of the following lines:—

And men lay sleeping, when all save he were asleep,
And the ship slid on with a gurgle of water soft . . .

So also in the violation of the sound canon that neighboring pairs of rhymes having the same or nearly the same vowel-sound, or, as Sidney Lanier puts it, being "very nearly alike in tone-color," should be avoided. "The result," says Lanier, "is like two contiguous shades of pink in a dress: one of the rhymes will seem faded."²⁰ Yet we find in this second interlude the following line-by-line series: *find, foreseen, mind, green, ear, eat, near, feet, trees, unseen, seas, Queen, sea, vines, motionlessly*.

The most artistically successful of the choric group is, we think, the third. The measures oscillate from tetrameter to hexameter, but the rhyme-schemes chime with a rather more natural music; while the moment of stillness succeeding the death of Menelaus and developing the lonely figure of Helen is interpreted with that subtle understanding of mood- and word-sympathies which so frequently vindicates for Mr. Masefield the names of seer and maker.

All was silent in the palace of the King,
Save the soft-foot watchers whispering;
All was dark, save in the porch
The wind-blown fire of a torch,
And the sentries still as in a stound
With their spear-heads drooped upon the ground.

²⁰Sidney Lanier: *The Science of English Verse* (Scribners), p. 300.

Helen and Nereus, old and sad, in the closing interlude meet again within the ruins of Troy. They review the meanings of the past; their youth and beauty come again upon them; and they set sail for Symé Island, to dwell there forever in the peace of eternal spring. In this choric farewell constant metrical variation and extreme irregularity of rhyme-patterns occur, the whole failing, for that very reason, to subjugate and tune the senses of the hearer, as Lowell urges the poet to seek always to do. The double aposiopesis—

Now they know that your beauty made them splendid,
Splendid to the death; for I have seen,
Seen and talked, beloved Helen . . .—

unpleasantly suggests fatigue. A fine example of onomatopœia, however, is found in—

And the grinding of the bronze-shod chariot-tyres
Rang no more,—

an example as striking as Frederic Manning's—

And with a clashing and creaking of tackle and axles—²¹

and more æsthetically just.

Regarded as a whole, then, while the existence of these interludes is architecturally, and their motif psychologically, justified, as half-paralleling supports, half-contrasting reliefs, their own internal structure and their poetic power are less successful than are those of the drama proper.

Even in the main work, however, there is some trouble with rhyme and scansion. In one instance (although this slip occurs also in Milton) two consecutive lines of the blank verse rhyme.²² Another line contains an extra foot,²³ and still another, broken by the dialogue, is further extended.²⁴ And there are some questionable phrasings, such as "who will now succeed,"²⁵ "for I have changed my mind,"²⁶ "the blunt and bawdy world,"²⁷ which last has a Shakespearean flavor that hardly belongs to a King of Israel's idiom, however liberally we may wish to free the dramatic Ahab from a merely artificial loyalty to the Ahab of history. Again, the questions, "What? Ahaziah dead? How did he

²¹ From *Transport* (Courcelles), in *Eidola* (Murray).

²² *A King's Daughter*, p. 140.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 4.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 5.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 49.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

die?"²⁸ seem much too detached even for a King who does not care to unlock his heart. Micaiah's "Not necessarily"²⁹ is weak; and there are two colloquial English idioms that seem incongruous: Joram's "I thought you'd try it"³⁰ and Pashur's—

There we paid back upon the Syrians
A little of what we owed, by God.³¹

Somewhat clashing also are the changes from *thy* and *thou* to *you* in Jehu³² and in Jezebel.³³

Many of the observations in the last few paragraphs refer to minor and corrigible weaknesses in a nobly imagined and finely written tragedy. *A King's Daughter* has unity, atmosphere, historic core, and causal inevitability of crisis and conclusion. Jezebel is credibly revealed as a woman of imperial will and spirit, and yet as, to use Stephen Phillips's phrase, "a woman utterly".³⁴ She suffers not merely at the hands of time and circumstance, but, like the supreme victims of tragedy, from the suppressed conflict within her own bosom, of which mere hints are breathed before the closing scene. She struggles courageously to break the nets that surround and close in upon her and her lord and children, and she is overcome at last in a death-mood eloquent of high and proud despair, and a death-setting instinct with stern and terrible suggestion. *The Tragedy of Nan* remains, we think, its author's most complete drama, but *The Faithful*, *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great* and the present work are of true tragic texture and penetrating insight. *A King's Daughter* gathers inspiration somewhat slowly, perhaps, but it gathers it, reaching in the return action, particularly in the dénouement, a spiritual altitude above the clouds of bitterness, policy and doom.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

The University of the South.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 87.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 117.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 127.

³¹ *Ibid.*, p. 155.

³² *Ibid.*, pp. 4, 5.

³³ *Ibid.*, pp. 103, 104.

³⁴ Stephen Phillips: *Ulysses* (Macmillan), Act III, Scene 2, p. 158.

BOOK REVIEWS

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman and Carl Van Doren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1922. Pp. v, 428.

STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1923. Pp. ix, 264.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS, 1875-1900. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1922. Pp. xiii, 249.

NATURE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Norman Foerster, Professor of English in the University of North Carolina. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1923. Pp. xiii, 324.

AMERICAN PROSE MASTERS. By W. C. Brownell, with an Introduction by Stuart P. Sherman, Professor of English in the University of Illinois. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923. Pp. xlv, 345.

Is there actually an American literature, or is the phrase an amiable misnomer? The question has been asked a thousand times, and hardly less often answered evasively or argumentatively. Yet no less robust and positive an American than Walt Whitman rather mournfully declared in 1891 that—

... the United States do not so far utter poetry, first-rate literature, or any of the so-called arts, to any lofty admiration or advantage—are not dominated or penetrated from actual inherence or plain bent to the said poetry and arts. Other work, other needs, current inventions, productions, have occupied and to-day mainly occupy them. They are very 'cute and imitative and proud—can't bear being left too glaringly away far behind the other high-class nations—and so we set up some home "poets", "artists", painters, musicians, *litterati*, and so forth, all our own (thus claimed). The whole matter has gone on, and exists to-day, probably as it should have been, and should be; as, for the present, it must be. To all which we conclude, and repeat the terrible query: American National Literature—is there distinctively any such thing, or can there ever be?¹

Yet Whitman insisted that there is something distinctively American that is capable of reflection and interpretation in literature.

¹Walt Whitman: *Have We a National Literature?* *North American Review*, March, 1891, p. 338.

Another might argue—we have heard it so asserted *ex cathedra*—that American literature is far from being a branch of English literature; that one is as distinct from the other as American life is distinct from English life; that there exists already, indeed, an American race, differentiated by environment, history, and even origins from the English; and that no warrantable critic could ever mistake the literary product of a genuine American for that of an Englishman.

Among the authors of the books under review we should expect to find Mr. Lawrence taking positive ground in his peremptory manner and his forthright idiom. America, he thinks, and her literature, are not yet. They are at their dawn, they are just now beginning; not with those capable, clever, moralistic, recreant European extensions, the American classics, whatever their songs and styles and sermons; but with Whitman, and with him only as he overcomes and corrects himself, foregoes his hunger for sympathetic, sentimental merging and insists on giving his soul its chance to become itself as it moves through divers strange adventures along the Open Road. Poe, Melville (whom Lawrence praises much as sea interpreter), Hawthorne, Whitman have brought American literature to the verge of becoming at last American literature. Will it become so? What is to happen now?

In Professor Sherman's finely reasonable introduction to *American Prose Masters*, he thinks that "American hypersensitiveness to adverse comments on our institutions, our society and our literature" is perhaps now beginning to give way to "a new spirit of somewhat drastic self-examination and self-censure." And he takes the brave ground that—

. . . . our national literature will never hold its due place nor perform its proper work in our consciousness till we reverse the orthodox contention and declare instead that the older English literature must forever be *a part of American literature*. It will always be too soon to substitute our own authors for Chaucer or Spenser or Shakespeare or Milton.

Similarly, Professor Foerster finds the story of American culture "an account of the transfer to the new world of the culture of modern Europe," modified by some loss of tradition and by im-

portant changes in physical environment. And Mr. Brownell himself believes that—

. . . . unlike foreign literatures and English literature as a whole, American literature—as it is, perhaps fatuously but nevertheless conveniently, not to say inevitably, called—has no background. . . . Our protesting and innovating temperaments have really nothing to protest against, nothing to break away from, no routine to vivify. More than that, we have, comparatively speaking, nothing to maintain, nothing to keep in mind, no standards, in a word. . . . Hence our disposition to magnify our extravagant and capricious writers—such as Poe and Whitman—is destructive of our hold on the standards which it is of the last importance for us consciously to keep in mind since so only can we have them in mind at all.

Certainly, art and culture have a way of transcending politics and geography. Blood and language are the binding and determining things. We cannot affirm the existence of a veritable, independent American literature as we acknowledge French, German or Italian literatures. Nevertheless, it goes without saying that pure literature has been produced within that social and political entity called America (Mark Twain and Walt Whitman, hardly Thoreau or Bret Harte, have the right even to refuse transatlantic derivation and correspondence), and we may call this, if we like, American literature. We should emphasize the point, with Professor Sherman, that the older English literature is as much an American inheritance as an English one. The conventional diagram is, of course, that of a parent trunk with diverging branches, two yet one. Mr. John Macy accepts this, and goes on, in his terse, pointed way to suggest that—

Literature is a succession of books from books. Artistic expression springs from life ultimately but not immediately. . . . Every book has its literary parentage. . . . American literature is English literature made in this country. . . . What is uniquely American in American literature? . . . The American spirit in literature is a myth. . . . Of dignified and self-respecting provincialism, such as Professor Royce so eloquently advocates, there might well be more in American books.²

²John Macy: *The Spirit of American Literature*, pp. 3-8.

And Professor Brander Matthews takes substantially the same view, asserting that "just as Alexandrian literature is Greek, so American literature is English," Theocritus belonging to Greek literature and Thoreau to "any history of English literature as a whole."³

We have said that blood and language are the binding things. America is qualitatively Anglo-Saxon, and will probably remain quantitatively so. This fact, together with her use of the English tongue, must align her literary productions indefinitely with those of other English-speaking peoples. Yet it is not inconceivable that slow biological changes may so affect the character of her art as to suggest a new diagram. Perhaps from the western branch of the parent oak may come the seed of another tree, different in literary identity if not in literary kind. Even now literature produced in America has often a flavor less "indefinable and intangible" than Professor Matthews believes.

Of the forty more or less outstanding figures discussed in the five books before us, only seven engage the attention of as many as three of the authors. Mr. Bradford, however, it should be said, is not concerning himself especially with literary artists, touching only three of these—Sidney Lanier, Mark Twain and Henry James—in a book presenting a gallery of eight subtly sympathetic portraits. Henry Adams, educated critic of education; Whistler, that "snarled soul"; with Blaine, Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, complete a picturesque and rememberable group. Despite Mr. Bradford's own feeling that the book is not well balanced as between writers and men of actions and affairs, we think that that is only arithmetically true, the essays on Henry James (an admirable analysis) and Grover Cleveland being the outstanding portraits, in point of clearness of intention and justness of shading. The Mark Twain picture is but half-done, in surprising yet not unrevealing colors. As readers of the SEWANEE REVIEW have reason to know, Mr. Bradford writes so well that we learn with pleasure that this is only the first of a series of seven books he is planning "to cover American history" by his portrait method, "proceeding backwards".

³Brander Matthews: *The Oxford Book of American Essays*. Introduction.

He lets the problematic Whitman alone, but three others essay their several winnowings. Emory Holloway, in the Cambridge *Short History*, treats him punctiliously as touching backgrounds and career, but palely as touching portraiture. There is no contribution here. Professor Foerster does much better and extracts some real values, particularly in his finely discriminating analysis of the quality of Whitman's humanitarianism, a much misunderstood matter of real critical importance. Mr. Lawrence, in his own diabolic fashion, seizes Whitman, "sieves his proper worth," exposes the sham in his 'mergings' and in his egoisms, and reveals his potential sympathy as something rather higher than Professor Foerster finds it,—as a cosmic, inevitable thing. To our mind, a constant disadvantage in Whitman, aside from his unnecessary defiances and experimentalisms, is that he failed, as subtle Ogniben would express it, to preserve the proportions of his sympathy.

I desire to be able, with a quickened insight, to descry beauty in corruption where others see foulness only; but I hope I shall also continue to see a redoubled beauty in the higher forms of matter, where already everybody sees no foulness at all.⁴

There is such a thing as an uncatholic catholicity, as a systematized disregard for system, as an egotistic charity. Whatever of virility or openness there may be in Whitman, his work is too often lacking in root reverence, in reserve power, is too often geared to mere adroitness and advertisement. How strange it is that the same spirit should conceive *Starting from Paumanok* and *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, should speak of "the aimless sleep-walking of the Middle Ages" and yet write *Great are the Myths*!

Mr. Lawrence's book, especially in the cases of Franklin, Cooper and Poe, manages to get rather startlingly close at times to critical reality, but for the most part it is brilliantly tangential. Like certain other English critics, notably Morley Roberts, he sees Hermann Melville too large; to Hawthorne he is teasingly unjust; and with Emerson he does not concern himself, although

⁴Robert Browning: *A Soul's Tragedy*, Act II.

Emerson remains one of the most thoughtful, and therefore one of the most permanently influential, among American men of letters.

To go back to Professor Foerster's *Nature in American Literature*, it is, of course, chiefly concerned with the literary naturalists. It treats Bryant and Whittier justly, although not novelly; and its excursions into the consciousnesses of Emerson and Thoreau are finely fruitful. Professor Foerster does not restrict himself to the theme of naturalism in these essays: that is their occasion, but their end is criticism,—honest, wholesome, reasonable, and, not unseldom, usefully wise. The papers on Lowell (reprinted from the SEWANEE REVIEW) and on Burroughs and Muir, are of hardly less value than the two we have most to praise.

It is regrettable that the *Short History* makes no reference whatever to John Muir, and but few to Dana and Burroughs. In the main, however, it is aware of its duties and its difficulties. Its best essays are easily those on Poe, by Professor Killis Campbell; on Hawthorne, by Professor John Erskine; on Mark Twain, by Professor Stuart P. Sherman; and on Henry James, by Professor Joseph Warren Beach. The work as a whole, perhaps almost inevitably, lacks tonal and critical unity, some twenty-four writers contributing thirty-four papers. Some of the writing is hardly more than journalistic appreciation; much more of it is sound and useful; and some of it is distinguished; but the book remains rather a convenient reference work in con-

form than a well-proportioned text-book having a companionable personality of its own.

In *American Prose Masters* Mr. Brownell considers six men—Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell and Henry James—with a finely judicial and happily humanistic mind, and with a style as winning as it is exact. The sweetness and light of his culture and of his judgments are the result of a fortunate fusion in Mr. Brownell of temperament, training and disciplined taste. His approaches are anticipative; his approvals heartfelt, yet governed; his dissents lucidly regretful, yet enquiringly persuasive. He knows critical joy. The papers on Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe and James are particularly valuable, not merely as

critical references for students of these writers, but also as models in thoughtful methods and urbane style. Note, for example, such successful precipitations as the following:—

It [Emerson's style] is that of the pulpit modified by the lyceum, and the forensic element struggles in it with the literary.—*Emerson*.

Eloquence, in fact, either of word, phrase or passage, pervades his style as a flavor; it is present as a distinct, and indeed, dominant element and governs the entire technic, already germinant in its inspiration.—*Emerson*.

Many of the tales are tone and nothing else—not even tone of any particular character but a reticulation of relations merely in admirable unison.—*Poe*.

Thus he achieves atmosphere, but an atmosphere which is less the envelope than the content of his work.—*Poe*.

Intensity of effect was accordingly his end, and artifice his means.—*Poe*.

The essay on Poe, indeed, contains an unusually just appraisal, although we regret that both here and elsewhere Mr. Brownell does not more clearly discriminate between the artist and the artificer. Poe is, we think, both more and less than "the purely scenic artist." He is less in that his preoccupation with the scenic almost automatically restricts him to the programme of artifice as against that of art,—to grotesquery, over-reliance upon the theatrical, the psychophysically tinkling and alluring. But he is more in that his manipulation of moods, at its best, becomes something other than merely skilful manipulation, and does at times actually succeed in katharsis, despite Mr. Brownell's feeling that Poe lacked love and humor and heart. Granted that much—too much—of his work is only unusually effective devicefulness, the ingenious exemplification of acute yet artificial theorizing, yet it remains true, we think, that the spirit of Art, although no doubt regarding Poe's service as awry, nevertheless left him not wholly unblessed of her, but sometimes, if rarely, promoted the practician into poethood and momentary power.

G. H. C.

BATTLES AND ENCHANTMENTS. RETOLD FROM ANCIENT GAELIC LITERATURE. By Norreys Jephson O'Connor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1922. Pp. x, 168.

Those who are expert in philology and ancient Celtic lore tell us that Mr. O'Connor has handled his subject carefully from this point of view. He is at home in the myths and is sufficiently adept at the language to disentangle difficult questions with skill and clarity, or to keep away from them, which perhaps requires equal tact and common-sense. But we, the unlearned, do not ask him for erudition, but for charm, which we find in ample measure.

The substance of the book is the old Irish legends, the obscure, traditional peopling of the country by successive tribes of invaders, who overcame one another, or mingled with one another, bought, and fought, and bargained, and cheated, and left their names and their vague memories attached to every mountain and lonely tarn, in the sweet, evanescent suggestions of fairy lore. Strife and love,—these are the basic matter of all our human life, no matter how much later civilizations disguise them, and in Mr. O'Connor's old stories strife and love are necessarily woven and interwoven over and over, but always with new phases of laughter or tears.

Strange, though, how this Ireland has always been the country of conflict. There is another island, in the blue Mediterranean, of about the same size, which has also been made the subject of endless song and story, that sunny Sicily, which also has its mountains and streams spread out in exquisite diversity of charm. But Sicily is the region of pastoral beauty, of dancing nymphs and satyrs, of shepherds piping and fluting all day, by the blue ocean, under the clear southern sky. It is the Sicily of Theocritus, in which no doubt men suffered, as they have always done, only their suffering did not get into those gracefully flowing verses, at least not with the tragic sense of weary, interminable strife.

But Ireland? Whether you take her history in the sixth century, or in the sixteenth, or in the twentieth, always battle, always conflict, always strife and hatred, party passions ceaselessly striving for a suicidal dominance, always cruelly tearing at each other's throats!

Only, in Mr. O'Connor's old legends, the bare violence is bathed in a golden haze of what Matthew Arnold so aptly called the Celtic magic. The sunrise-tinted mists that hang over those Irish hills and rivers veil the crude passions of men, and give them a glamor of poetry which makes us linger with them with delight, even while we bewail the eternal strife at the bottom of them. Something in that Celtic touch carries grace with it. Even the names are beautiful, Eri, and Elotha, and Dagda, and Eriu, and a score of others. Even into the title of his book Mr. O'Connor has contrived to infuse something of the inherent charm. *Battles and Enchantments*,—what a quaint and delicate mingling of old, forgotten far-off things, which make the heart quiver and tingle with anticipation of delight!

But what to me crowns the magic of the book is the ending, the fairy transformation of those vanquished people into legendary creatures, spirit memories, haunting forever the spots which they have loved. What a bold and beautiful idea, that great company moving out in the splendor of the morning sunlight, waiting calmly for the solid mountain to open before them, and then marching into it solemnly, with all their banners, and all their splendor, leaving behind to their enemies the country they had conquered, and to the world the tradition of a race which had died only to live!

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

UN DEMI-ROI: LE DUC D'EPERNON. By Léo Mouton. Paris: Perrin et Compagnie. 1922. Pp. 275.

Americans doing research work in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* soon become acquainted with M. Mouton, who presides over the study-room, and whose courteous help and fruitful suggestions are always so readily extended to fellow-workers. For M. Mouton is himself a finely capable research worker and has published a number of carefully documented books or monographs in the fields of history, biography, and archæology.

The times of which M. Mouton treats in the present volume are those of Catherine de' Medici and of her three sons, with their licentious but magnificent courts; of the Wars of Religion

in France; of Huguenot and Holy Leaguer; and of the great nobles, who, like the Guises or like the hero of the present work, were little less than kings, commanding the resources of whole provinces, and the allegiance of hundreds or even thousands of armed retainers.

Jean Louis de La Valette, afterwards the all-powerful favorite of Henry III, was one of those famous cadets of Gascony whose romantic vices as well as virtues are familiar to us all through the novels of Dumas or Rostand's drama, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. These cadets, as our author tells us (p. 40), were by no means the creation of the imaginations of poet or romancer, but, as contemporary documents prove, they flooded all Paris, enlisting in the service of every grandee or courtier, and becoming courtiers and court favorites in their turn. Such was the career of La Valette. The young cadet, as one of the perfumed 'darlings' (*mignons*) of the degenerate Henry III, gradually made himself so indispensable to the king that the latter would reach no State decision without consulting him, finally making him Grand Admiral of France and Colonel-General, with the right of appointing all officers and of holding courts-martial. In addition the king appointed the Duke of Epemon, as the favorite now became, governor over the choicest provinces of France, such as Normandy, Provence or Angoumois, and commander of the bulwark fortresses of the realm, such as Metz and Boulogne.

So many honors and so much treasure did Henry III lavish on d'Epemon, that his contemporaries called him the "uncrowned king" (*demi-roi*), and the duke soon became the best hated man in all France, the butt of the satiric poets and of the pamphleteers.

Of this man, who for sixty years was associated with nearly all the great events of French history, such as wars of religion, rebellions, great ceremonies, and sumptuous festivities of court life, little is known to-day save by specialists. Nor did there exist any critical biography of him. M. Mouton has in the present volume satisfied a need, and has given to the public the true Epemon in a book combining all the charm of style of the French literary man with the sure touch of the scientific historian who has made good use of the manuscripts and pamphlets of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*.

Something of the quality of M. Mouton, as historian, raconteur and stylist, is available in his highly interesting (translated) contribution—*The Escape of Marie de Médicis*—to the present number of the REVIEW.

SEDLEY L. WARE.

The University of the South.

MATHEMATICS. By David Eugene Smith, Professor of Mathematics, Teachers College, Columbia University. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1923. Pp. x, 175.

This attractive volume is one of the series in *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*. It has a short Introduction by that well-known historian of Mathematics, Sir Thomas Little Heath. The editors of this series were fortunate in securing as the author of this book David Eugene Smith, whose *History of Mathematics* is the most complete and the most scientific work of its kind in our language.

The present volume is divided into four parts: I. Preliminary Survey, giving the leading contributions of Greece and Rome; II. The Contributions in Detail: Logistic, Artificial Numbers, Arithmetic, Elementary Geometry, Higher Geometry, Algebra, and Trigonometry; III. Influence of these Contributions, including the beginnings of the fundamental notions of the Calculus, Applied Mathematics, and the Teaching of Mathematics; IV. Conclusion, with Notes and a Bibliography of Greek Mathematics.

To those who know something of the scholarly attainments of Professor Smith and his habits of research, it goes without saying that the work is as accurate as such a work could well be. It is a difficult task to prepare a brief account of any period of history, and Professor Smith is to be congratulated on his success. While the author has been careful not to over-estimate the influence of Greece in Mathematics, he has made a very strong case for Ancient Mathematics and Philosophy, and our modern age must be impressed with what it owes to the ancients. The names that stand out prominently are, of course, Thales, Pythagoras, Eudoxus, Aristotle, Euclid, Apollonius and Archimedes. All of these gave to the world the lasting fruits of rigid

thinking, and they all emphasized the value of *pure* mathematics. As Sir Thomas Heath suggests, we should all benefit were we to "breathe for a while the pure atmosphere of abstract thought" found "in Greek mathematics, 'that independent world' as Wordsworth eloquently called it, 'created out of pure intelligence.'"

S. M. BARTON.

The University of the South.

CATULLUS AND HIS INFLUENCE. By Karl Pomeroy Harrington. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1923. Pp. 245.

Catullus, the Man; Catullus, the Poet; Catullus in the Roman Empire; Catullus in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; Catullus on the Continent since the Renaissance; Catullus in England;—these are the chapter-headings of a very helpful study in the series, *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*.

The first chapter is an excellent example of what has been called biographical 'construction'. The only facts available for a life of Catullus are the dates of the birth and death of the poet. Yet in a really vivid and fascinating picture of Roman life in that eventful century preceding the Christian era, we see Catullus live and move and act. The poet himself has given much of the needed information for such a construction in the frequent personal allusions and hints contained in the corpus of his work. Taking these as his material, and fitting them into the life and history of the times as we know them, the author has given us a not too fictitious life of the poet, combining a legitimate use of the imagination with a judicial reserve in his choice of fact.

The present series is essentially a popular one, the size of the volumes precluding a too detailed and technical treatment of the subject-matter. Professor Harrington might have done better to trace only the broad general current of Catullian influence, omitting much of the uninteresting detail, such as that contained in considerable parts of Chapters IV and V. It was necessary, of course, to show the fate of Catullus in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance and on the Continent since that time, but to trace closely the influence of the poet on numerous obscure im-

itators, far removed from the central stream of literary influence, makes against effectively proportioned presentation.

A well-known epithet has clung to the name of Catullus through the ages—"the learned",—an epithet which has been earned for him by his elegies and which, if allowed to assume too great importance in our minds, might serve to cloud the greatness of the poet. It is his spontaneous lyrics that constitute his true claim to greatness, to match the charm of which we must go back to Sappho or else transcend the ages and come at once to Burns or Shelley.

The student of English poetry who does not know his Catullus will hardly realize the deep debt under which he has placed many of our most familiar poets, although English literature has from the very beginning drawn copiously on classical themes and models. In following with Professor Harrington the fortunes of Catullus, we see this influence at work. The book is a valuable introduction to the work and personality of an inspiring poet.

HENRY M. GASS.

The University of the South.

BEASTS, MEN AND GODS. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1922. Pp. 325.

Beasts, Men and Gods is the story of the escape of a Russian physician from the Bolsheviki across Russia and Asia to Peking and security. It reads like the account of actual experiences, which it purports to be, but if it had been written like a narrative of travel and discovery it would be far less interesting than it is. The author's interest in the mystics and miracles of Mongolia and Tibet is natural, and possibly the credulity with which he relates some things as if he had come to believe them part of his own experience is natural, too, in a man who had been through such a terrible series of privations and adventures, in the company of madmen. Not only can coincidences be exaggerated, but likenesses can even be created by an over-active imagination. In fact, this plunge into visions and the mysteries of the "kingdom of Agharti" is evidence for the authenticity of the record.

J. B. E.

BOOK NOTICES

DETHRONEMENTS. IMAGINARY PORTRAITS OF POLITICAL CHARACTERS DONE IN DIALOGUE. By Laurence Housman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1923. Pp. 95.

Mr. Housman has written three imaginary conversations with an understanding of motives and of situations that is at times shrewdly sympathetic, and again somewhat touched by didacticism. The talk of the invalid Chamberlain is, we think, the most veritable: that scene and its colloquies are creatively wrought. The words that pass between Parnell and his wife in October, 1891, and the conversation between Woodrow Wilson and Joseph Tumulty on March 4, 1921, although they show some historical imagination, seem over-colored by Mr. Housman's own enthusiasms and distrusts. There is not quite enough vision in his Parnell, nor quite enough fibre in his Wilson. He sees and uses these two figures as symbols rather than as realities.

SENTENCES AND THINKING. By Norman Foerster, Professor of English, The University of North Carolina, and J. M. Steadman, Junior, Professor of English, Emory University. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1923. Pp. xxx, 330.

This ably edited manual of composition and rhetoric is now expanded and revised so as to serve more practically than before in the correction of themes. It is so reasonable in tone and treatment and so fresh in interest that it may go far toward helping to solve the always stubborn problem of Freshman English.

ROGET'S TREASURY OF WORDS. Abridged and Edited by C. O. S. Mawson and Katharine A. Whiting. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1924. Pp. lii, 444.

This simplification of Roget's *International Thesaurus* will prove particularly useful to young students in helping them to build and balance their vocabularies. There is a brief but practical introductory discussion of word-formation. A few errors have crept in, such as the attribution to Tennyson (page 92) of a passage quoted from *Adonais*.